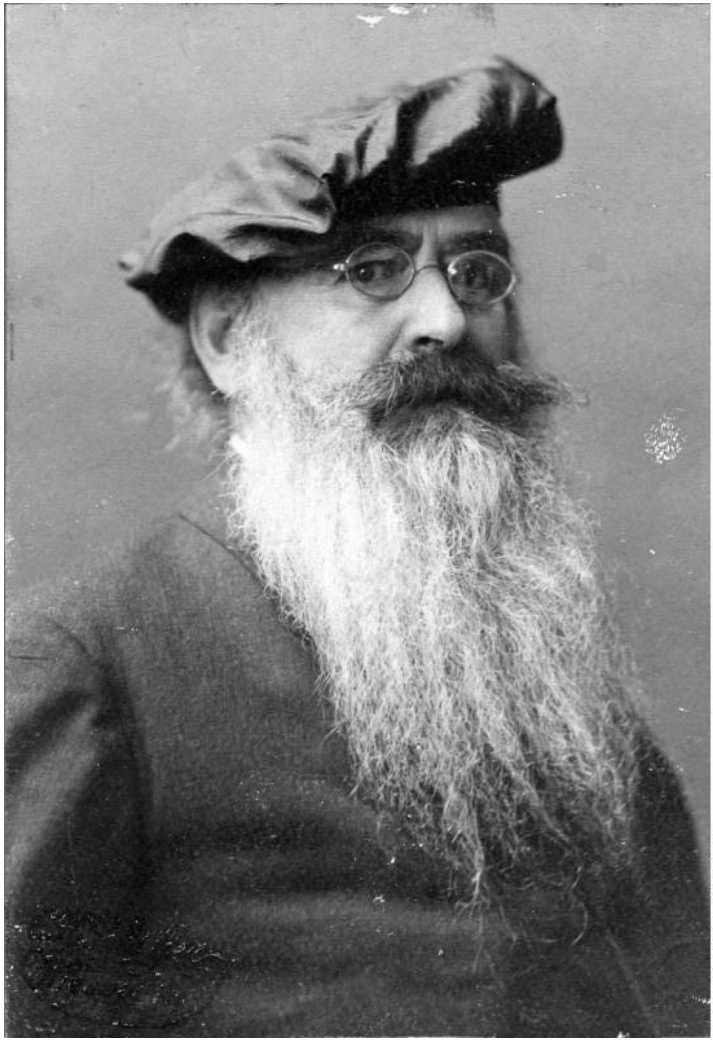

Pipara, Volume 2 by Guido von List

in English with original illustrations, footnotes and bibliography

Illustration 1: King Attal and his two sons drew their swords and knelt. Book 2, Chapter 8, Page 7.

Eighth Adventure

How a German Princess Became a Roman Dominatrix

After a few days, the two emperors had reached Sabaria[1] with their impressive army. King Attal's army was already there, for as had been agreed, the handover of the kingdom was to take place here. A mighty gathering of wagons had been drawn up, blonde women's and blue-eyed children's heads peered curiously out from under the white wagon cloths. The men lay on bearskins, drinking, playing dice, sleeping. This was a camp of peaceful emigrants who had set out with wife and child, with household and farming equipment, to colonize the newly acquired land, to cultivate its soil; they had come to live there permanently as farmers, not as nomads, to reject it and then leave it behind as a desert. Nevertheless, the camp had a warlike appearance, even though it was not considered necessary to set up guard posts. King Attal's army tent stood in the middle of the large ring of wagons. In front of it, Attal's royal staff was stuck in the grass; the king's hat was placed on top of it as a symbol of his rule.

Opposite the royal camp, the imperial army staked out its camp, threw up the ramparts and posted the guards, as had been the Roman custom in war for a thousand years.

King Attal had ridden out to meet the two emperors in front of his camp with his two sons and an impressive retinue and had been received with dignity.

When the Roman camp was struck, Attal was fetched to the table by the

[1] Today Steinamanger in Hungary. Still called Sabaria in the Hungarian dialect.

imperial chamber messengers.

Soon, the meal was over. Only the two emperors and their royal guest lay in the dining beds. Rich golden fruit bowls stood on the table, slaves served wine in golden cups.

“And where is your child, my guest, whom you call Pipara?” Caesar Valerianus asked the Marcomannic king, rising slightly from the dining bed so that he could more comfortably bring a goblet full of foaming Caecuban wine to his mouth.

“Emperor of Rome!” the Marcomannus replied as he stretched comfortably in the purple cushions, ”it is not customary among us Teutons to take wives and daughters into battle. My queen and my child also have much to do, for Pipara is not to go to Rome to join your son. Custom also demands that the bridegroom fetch the bride from her father's house. Pipara expects the same.”

“She is loath to wait, she might grow impatient, for Caesar Gallienus will neither fetch Pipara nor marry her, for he is emperor of Rome.”

The aged emperor spoke these words calmly and thoughtfully. He then drank very calmly from the gold goblet, set it down again carefully and, after examining the skin of the fruit, took out a juicy apricot. He carefully broke it in two and sipped its sweet juice with a devotion as if he had said nothing more remarkable than that water flows in the Danube. But this action was only a mask, for he was keenly observing the expressions and gestures of both his son and his guest, whom he was misleading with deceptive speeches precisely for this purpose. Caesar Gallienus turned pale. King Attal, however, blushed up to his forehead; the veins of his anger swelled bluish. This had not escaped the aged emperor's notice. Without interrupting his game with the fruit, he said with fearful calm:

“Royal guest, be quiet and listen then advise.”

The first apricot was eaten; it was time for the second. It took a long time to find the right one. The emperor broke this one in two as well, sipped the juice of one half and ate it with the care of a gourmet, while he looked at the other half with that peculiarly tender gaze that only belongs to those who practise the art of eating as an art. Suddenly he seemed to remember his

speech, which he had apparently completely forgotten. So he thoughtfully took a drink and said:

"Yes, listen and advise, Marcomannic king. The word of my son Gallienus is as sacred to me as my own imperial word; it must not be broken, therefore it must be fulfilled. But the emperor of Rome must not marry a barbarian woman; that is the law and must be fulfilled. Two commandments are hostile to each other. Therefore show, my guest, that you are capable of counsel! King Attalus, what is your advice?"

The game with the fruit began anew. Attal's anger had not diminished.

"If the law of which you spoke, Emperor of Rome, exists, then your son and co-emperor had better have left my daughter unkissed, for we too have a law that allows the tongue of the word-breaker and girl seducer to be cut out and the wooden stake to be driven through his heart from behind. This law also applies, Emperor of Rome! Now advise how to start not applying this law."

Attal had difficulty controlling his anger, while Valerianus continued his game and replied in a drawn-out speech, as if he were treating the most indifferent matter:

"You see, Marcomannic king, the case is difficult and wants to be considered. You want to do as the great Alexander did, who slashed King Gordios' knot with his sword. But that, dear guest, is not always done by the wise. I will try to untie the knot without cutting it with a sword, because I avoid wounds wherever I can and because we should remain friends. So raise a toast, my king and friend, smooth your brow and rejoice in our friendship!"

Attal lifted the cup and nudged the emperor's, but his scowl showed that neither resentment nor distrust had vanished. Valerianus, however, looked at a slice of pineapple with such covetous eyes as if he had never eaten one before. As he turned it over in his hands, he summoned one of the table slaves and ordered Palphurnius Sura to come with writing instruments to write a letter immediately.

There was an eerie silence at the imperial table. Only Valerianus seemed

not to notice, for he was deeply absorbed in studying the pineapple. Sura entered and wrote down what the emperor dictated:

"Licinius Valerianus semper Augustus, to Pipara, daughter of the king of the Marcomanni and the Quads. My fatherly greeting beforehand. My son Gallienus, who is emperor of Rome, has told me much about your good qualities, which are said to be so immeasurable that he has deemed them worthy of being called his by wanting to make you, Pipara, his wife. But that is not at all possible."

Palphurnius, who had written up to this point without looking up, could not resist casting a meaningful glance at Caesar Gallienus, and as he perceived his consternation, as well as the grumbling expression of the Quaden commander, the joy of his triumph was complete. Gallienus noticed this expression and promised himself in his mind to chastise Sura for it. Caesar Valerianus seemed oblivious to all this and turned his attention to the bowl of fruit in front of him. After a deliberately long pause, he continued his dictation:

"That is why we, namely your dearest Gallienus, your father Attalus and I, your advocate, held a well-meaning council about you and found that the barbarian Pipara could never become empress of Rome."

Sura smiled again. Valerianus continued to dictate:

"And so I, your protector, have decided to make you a Roman citizen and your name shall henceforth be Cornelia Salonina. As a gift of your name, I lend you my ancestral estate of Salona[2] and adopt you into my family.

The Roman patrician Domina Cornelia Salonina is now a worthy wife even for an emperor of Rome. The bearer of this letter to you, my daughter Cornelia, will bring you a million sestertii in minted Gallienus gold coins, along with my other paternal gifts. He will escort you to your estate in Salona, from where your imperial bridegroom will catch up with you in Rome."

The dictation was over, the emperor was still preoccupied with the fruits

[2] Today Salona near Spalato in Dalmatia.

as if they were the most important of his governmental affairs. Gallienus had sunk to his father's breast with a full heart, but he mildly refused him. His father had told him not to crush the incomparably sweet slice of melon that he was about to bring to his mouth. King Attalus, however, jumped up and swore eternal loyalty to the emperor with the drawn sword of Gallienus. He then pulled a gold ring from his finger and cut it in two with his sword. He took one half and gave the other to the emperor, saying:

"Emperor of Rome! You must take these half rings as a sign of what I am about to tell you. As and when and where you need me, send me this half-ring and I will come, unless I were dead; but if I were already up there in Valhalla, then Gebhold, my first-born, guided by my immortal-spiritual self, will redeem this pledge for me in my place! Yes, samir-Arahiri!"

With the same equanimity, the emperor accepted this verbal sign[3] of the pledge of allegiance and only said:

"Learn from my conduct how anger is the worst counselor of mankind, but especially of kings."

***

It was on the following day that the two emperors visited King Attal's camp.

Accompanied by lictors and praetorians, with the overwhelming Caesarian splendor, the two emperors entered the Germanic camp.

King Attal received his guests at the entrance to the chariot castle, surrounded by his Marcomanni, unhorsed but in Germanic clothing and armor. He carried two swords; his broad German battle sword on his left, but the Gallienus sword on his right, where his dagger knife usually hung, according to Roman custom.

After the two emperors had dismounted from the chariot, the king, followed by his two sons, accompanied them to the royal tent. There, the

[3] ...and if he does not find him at home, he shall turn a stain in front of his house as a sign (symbol) that he has been there...

sign of possession of the land[4], still unknown to the Romans, stood. The king now led his imperial guests to the tent.

"Emperor of Rome!" said the king, "you see how I have taken possession of the land granted to me. Since you gave it to me peacefully, my staff stands here; but if it had fallen to me as a victorious lot, then instead of my staff[5] my ashen spear would stand, and instead of my hat it would have my helmet and shield. If I am a lord of battles, a bold king of battles, then I consider it wiser to spare the blood of the nations and to settle disputes in a peaceful treaty. I would rather see this peaceful sign than the glorious one of men's quarrels, because I will not destroy any of my good swordsmen and the land will not be devastated. Therefore, if it is right for you, exalted emperors, confirm my peaceful possession here, and in the same place I and my sons will renew our oath of loyalty to you."

The emperors agreed, and so the king beckoned his twelve noblest Marcomanni and, in addition to them, Totilo the boy. He carried a pole sixteen men's shoes long and a three-legged chair. The two Caesars were astonished to see the strange action.

A square, sixteen shoes long and as many wide, was now measured out with the pole, whereupon Totilo, the boy, dug up the grass with a shovel from the outside, so that the square alone remained grassed, but the grass around it was lifted several steps away. It was up to the other soldiers to do this. Soon the square of grass was raised about a foot above the surrounding levelled ground. When this was done, each of the sixteen, the king first and Totilo the boy last, took a handful of coals and ashes, a stone and a piece of bone from the last sacrificial fire and threw them into a pit that had been dug in the middle of the square of grass. Attal then took the horse's head from this sacrificial fire and placed it on the ash and charcoal heaps, which had

[4] Even today - according to old peasant law - in some areas of Germany, when a farm comes to the market, the bailiff takes possession of it for the court in such a way that he thrusts his stick into the ground in the middle of the courtyard and puts his hat over it, after which the public auction may begin. The hat on the pole is the symbol for the seizure of ownership. Think of Gessler's hat on the pole in Schiller's "William Tell".

[5] Scepter

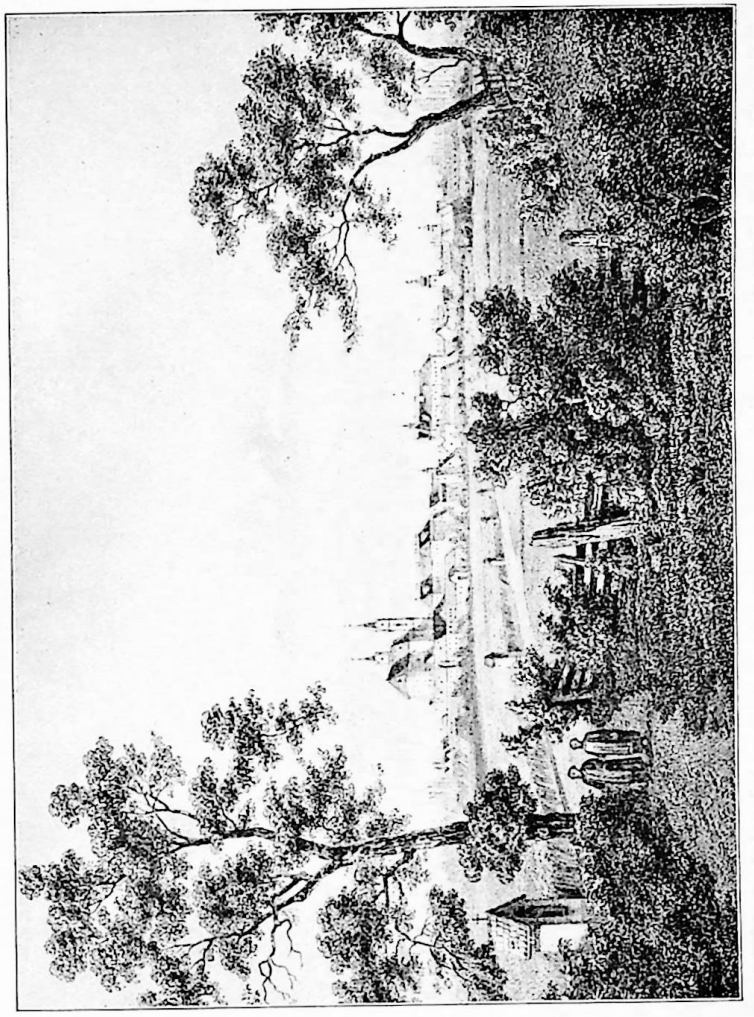

Illustration 2: Steinamanger in Hungary, the Roman Sabaria.
Volume 2, Chapter 1, Page 1.

previously been placed in the pit with the sixteen stones in the shape of a fyrfose, taking care that the horse's head looked towards Eburodunum so that the homeland would not be forgotten. After this Totilo buried the pit again and carefully covered it with pieces of turf. All this was done in silence, or as the Germanic people say: “without shouting”. Now first the king and then each of his sons carried a mighty stone and placed them firmly and securely in the loosened ground so that they formed the corners of a triangle. They then lifted the three-legged chair onto these “three stones”.

Now Totilo placed the measuring rod on one edge again and each of the sixteen put his left foot on it to prove that the measurements were correct; they did the same with the other three sides of the square.

Now Totilo placed the measuring rod on one edge again and each of the sixteen placed his left foot on it to prove that the measurements were correct; they did the same with the other three sides of the square.

Now Attal and the other fifteen stepped in front of the two emperors and asked them to take a seat on a chair. They did so.

Now Totilo, the boy, shouted over the people present that the royal seat was ready, which was greeted with booming cheers.

Attal and his two sons bared their swords and bowed their knees.

“So we swear an oath of allegiance to you two emperors and ask you to confirm the gift of land to us here once again for the sake of future days.”

“The land is yours and your sons, under the sovereignty of Rome. Therefore we accept your son Willahar as our son in arms, and from now on he shall be called Willaharius Valerianus Gallienus, and he shall administer this kingdom as your sub-king.”

While these imperial words were being spoken, the king and his two sons lowered their swords into the ground at one of the three stones up to the hilt, as if to fix the imperial words to the ground for all eternity. The twelve Marcomanni did exactly the same with their swords; they stuck them into the corners and edges of the square so that there was one sword in each corner and two in each edge. Only the pommels protruded above the grass.

One of the sixteen swords, which was not yet stuck in the ground and which Totilo, the boy, was wielding, was presented to the king. He gave it to the emperor with the request that he give it to his son in arms, Willaharius, as an eternal symbol of this memorable event.

It was then handed over to him, whereupon the emperors left the chair. Willaharius sat down on it with his sword drawn, and Totilo, the boy, called out to three of them:

"Dead and living I summon before this free royal chair for judgment."

With that, the land was handed over. Totilo, the boy, who had now become the joyful owner of the free royal seat, took the three-chair, the measuring rod, and the sword into his custody. But the people called the place "Stein-am-Anger" from then on and still do to this day. ---

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Where there is a bride in the house, troubled days begin, and the fathers of the household are wise to avoid the women, especially the bride's mother, as much as possible. Attal's father also had similar thoughts and hurried to lead his emigrants southwards along the Danube.

He had only felt well when he had stuck his staff in the grass in front of Sabaria, put his wide-brimmed hat over it and taken a cool, hearty drink of remembrance.

"Let the others at home see how they can do right by Frau Hildebirga while I do my day's work here. That's a treat I leave for the others!"

That's what the king had thought at the time and nodded with a friendly smile to that region of the sky behind whose veil Eburodunum lay hidden, but then spoke to the gift-giver:

"Fill my horn so that a gnat need not stoop, sitting scantily on the edge. 'Tis comfort needed when one is so far from his dear housewife!"

And again the king nodded to that celestial region, raised the horn reverently, as if he wanted to drink it to his distant wife, then he drank it thoughtfully and called out:

“One more!”

***

The message from Emperor Valerianus to Pipara had considerably shortened King Attal's absence from court, because it would have been indelicate not to join this ground journey. Although he said that he was already looking forward to seeing home, he thought otherwise, as is sometimes the case with - ungrateful! - ungrateful husbands.

***

But things were lively enough in the Frauengarten at Eburodunum. Mrs. Hildebirga had known how to take advantage of her master and husband's departure. She had initially explained to him how the route via Carnuntum[6] would be much more pleasant than the one via Bregetium[7] or even the one via Acincum[8], which Attal had also recognized. Several days later, Mrs. Hildebirga happened to remember having heard how the glories of the whole world were being offered for sale at the forum of Carnuntum. That would be very convenient at the moment, as the purchases for Pipara's wedding could be perfectly combined with the departure of her wealthy husband. Attal had also realized this and had sent some pack horses[9] from the Forum Carnuntorum to Eburodunum with heavy loads.

***

In the middle of the Frauensaal [women’s hall], several of the drinking

[6] Petronell and Deutsch-Altenburg [still exists in Austria]

[7] O-Szöny [today Komarom in Hungary]

[8] Alt-Ofen [Budapest]

[9] Pack horses [List gives 3 German equivalents: Säumer, Packpferde and Saumrosse]

tables from the great royal hall had been moved together, on which Mrs. Hildebirga was now working with scissors and sewing kit. There lay the purple fabric for royal garments that had been longed for for a lifetime; it was a heavy silk brocade with foreign animals woven into it in ornate tendrils.

There was a precious gold brocade and gold trimmings next to it that made it shimmer. There were lighter silks and cloths of other colors; there was plenty to do. Herr Attal had also told Frau Hildebirga not to forget that he also needed a royal cloak and a state dress, the cloak had to be made of purple and the state dress of gold. Nor should it be too tight, so he had taken plenty of the material to leave enough for his wife and child.

Now Frau Hildebirga had what she wanted, the fabrics were there, more beautiful, richer, shinier than she had dreamed of, but now the state robes had to be cut out of them, and that was harder than cracking nuts.

For several days, Frau Hildebirga walked around the women's garden like a hen thinking about laying eggs, then grumbled about her thoughtless husband, who should have sent her some expert tailor from Carnuntum. In the end, there was nothing left to do but to consult Pipara about how to start. That was a hard decision for Frau Hildebirga, for women who are convinced that they are wise do not like to ask questions; every man can see that without complaint. At last the difficult step was taken, but without success, which annoyed the queen not a little. When Pipara proposed to ask Walpurgis, the queen was angry:

"Foolish child! Does the whole kingdom need to know that its queen does not know what to do with the wonderful fabrics?"

It stayed like that for a while. Then she took the canvas to cut and sew other things, and it went like clockwork, for Frau Hildebirga was quite experienced and did not need to crack nuts first, but could set them out for others to bite into.

One fine morning Pipara found her mother happy and cheerful, as she had not seen her for a long time, which made her happier than usual. But she did not succeed in flattering Frau Hildebirga about the secret of her cheerfulness. She sent for the steward and held secret consultations with him. He smiled mischievously and called across the courtyard:

“Luzi, Luzi, you shall come to the Queen!”

Someone had jumped up nimbly, stealthily lying behind the fence and enjoying the freshly piled, fragrant straw away from work. He had smiled smartly, as if to say: “Little housemaid, little housemaid, if you want to drive old Luzi, you’ll have be more clever.” Then Luzi had slipped quietly and inaudibly around the corner of the storehouse, like Master Petz who had been shooed away from the apiary.

Now a handsome man emerged from the women's house, looking very important, with deep wrinkles across his forehead, and gazed inquiringly across the yard. He called out again: “Luzi, Luzi!”

Panting as if he had accomplished something of great importance, Luzi came from the side of the courtyard furthest away from the storehouse, as humbly as he should have as a prisoner of war who had become a serf. With a bent back and a friendly grin on his multifaceted face, he approached the bailiff and spoke:

“May Thesaurus bless you, may Venus make you happy, mighty majordomo of the Quaden king! Leg Hercules! If only poor old Luzius Sempronius had ten hands to fulfill all your wishes! It was you, O Lord, who sounded his call for the degraded senator of the Roman people, who --- ”

But the chamberlain angrily snapped at him: “Stop talking about what you want to lie to me about having been; if you had been, you would have been bought off like the others; you had better remember that you are the laziest good-for-nothing at the royal court!”

The “degraded senator of the Roman people” listened to this greeting from the household's emperor without too much pain in his soul; he merely blinked suspiciously at him in order to evade any impending disaster at the right time with a deft sidestep. Attal, the Quad king, had a household leader who was a very stern man and the hazelnut stick in his right hand was not just a small maypole; everyone knew that very well. And again this time, Dudar the majordomo wielded his hazel stick with great gusto and delighted in its whistling, but then he set it down. Luzi's great astonishment

didn't make him fall on his back, but somehow he stood in front of the serf with the broad stance who began: “By Gygur's nine-headed great-grandmother! How can anyone understand the women! Our lady queen demands that I lead you un-slaughtered into the women's hall; if I were in Frau Hildebirga's place, I would have granted you something else. Come, she waits for you, come!”

Dudar had said this with obvious displeasure. This had not escaped the sly Luzi's notice, which is why he acted even more humbly than before and intended to have the service that would be expected of him paid for by a great favor, even though the good Luzi's heart had grown a little sultry. But there was a good reason for that. For there was no one at the great royal court who would ever have felt too much desire to come into closer contact with the stern Queen than the service required; indeed, it made everyone's heart feel even better if he could at least estimate ten horse lengths between Lady Hildebirga and himself. Mrs. Hildebirga ruled the royal court with a strong hand and little mildness, and when she raged and scolded through the house and courtyard, through the kitchen and the hallways, scolded and quarreled with the maids, and then rumbled around everywhere in a bitter mood like the dreaded Allerleirauh, everyone was quietly terrified and everyone, even King Attal, preferred to take a little detour because they preferred not to cross Frau Hildebirga's path or even run into her.

“And what great thing might it be that the queen wants from old Luzi?” he asked with a certain trepidation, which he could hardly disguise because he did not hope for too much good from Frau Hildebirga. But Dudar's reply was brief: “Come on and do it wisely, Luzi!” Then he pushed the servant ahead of him towards the women's house.

Luzi heard the Queen's loud voice from outside, as she huffed, “And Utgartloki is supposed to reward you for that, you troll mocker, do you think that's linen or a hairball?” Luzi felt as if he heard loud clapping, as he had once heard in his better days in the arena at Sirmium, although he seemed to think that this loud clapping was hardly a sign of applause, which was confirmed by a loud howl of complaint. He walked hesitantly towards the entrance, pushed by Dudar. The steward pushed Luzi into the chamber,

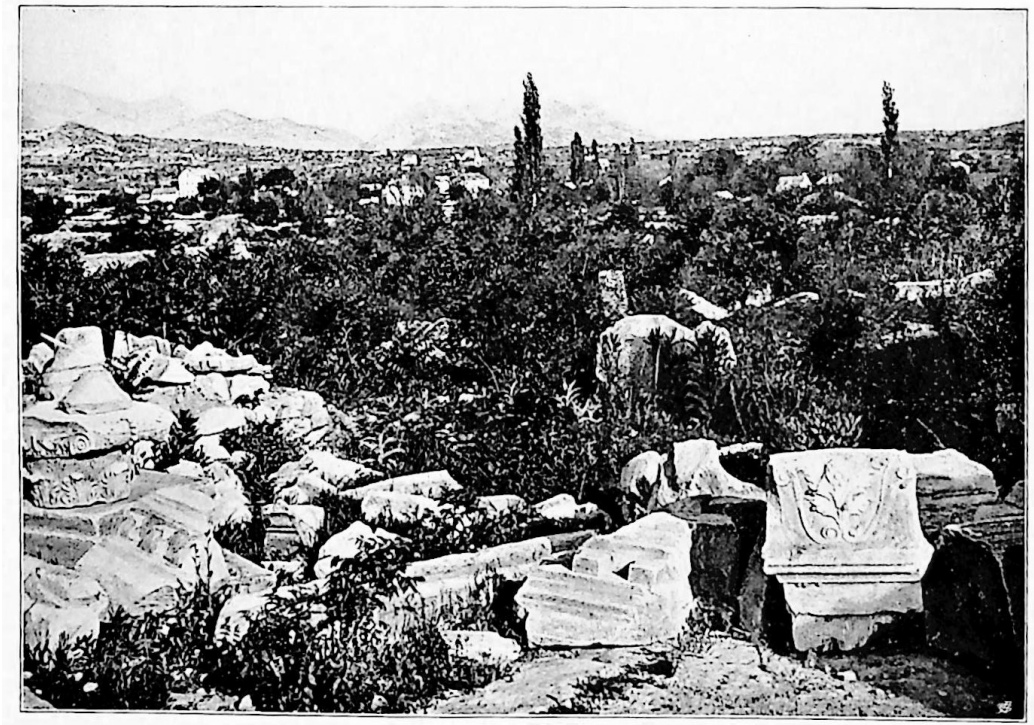

Illustration 3. Salona near Spalato. Dalmatia, Austria's Riviera.
Reproduced with permission from Dr. Hermann Haaß in Berlin.
Book 2, Chapter, Page 4.

saying: “Madam Queen, I bring you Luzi.”

He had stopped at the door with the laudable intention of leaving old Luzi to his fate.

But Frau Hildebirga had already seen the two of them and guessed Dudar's intention.

“Stay in the hall, Dudar,” said Frau Hildebirga with an unfriendly look. “Stay in the hall, I could help you if Luzi's memory was a bad one.”

“This may turn out well,” the old man thought to himself, looking at all the splendid fabrics of silk in bright colors with all kinds of creatures in glistening gold that had been woven and embroidered far away in India. Even the household's majordomo was almost dazzled by the never-before-seen splendor and could not understand how the queen could be in such a bad mood, since she had been given all these splendors that she herself had never seen before, much less possessed anything like them. In his opinion, she should have shouted for joy. He shook his head quietly and thought something to himself that he would probably not have told anyone if they had asked him.

“You, Luzi,” began the queen, with a tone in her voice that sounded not very encouraging, ”you, Luzi, it is not unknown to me that you boasted that you were a mighty lord of men in your fatherland. Now tell me, is it true?”

Then the old man's heart was gladdened, for he hoped to rise in honor and prestige before the Queen, and thought he was already on the ladder that would lead him to high honors at King Attal's court. So he stood before the queen with dignity, but without forgetting the humility that was so necessary, and began: “My noble, virtuous queen. You have been told the truth. In our proud Roma, he who is called Luzi here at your court was truly a proud lord of men. He was called Luzius Sempronius, and the dignity of a senator of the glorious city, the consul’s purple clothed the man who now stands before you as a slave. How often have I greeted our glorious Caesar Gallienus in my palace, amidst the cheers of the people, who, crowded in the wedges of the arena, applauded me, when I became visible with my fellow senators, when we entered amidst the blare of tubas, when -

”

Then the good man suddenly faltered, somewhat embarrassed, and added, improving, “But you must know this, Madam Queen, to understand me properly. I was not down in the sand, among the fencers, but up on the podium, where my seat was prepared next to Caesar's.”

The queen had listened attentively to Luzi's words, she had become visibly friendlier, a satisfied smile played around her lips, and it seemed that a great burden had been lifted from her soul. Luzi, who had not failed to notice what a good impression his messages had made, felt more confident and was already dreaming himself into the position of master of ceremonies at the royal court, a dignity that was still unknown here. He therefore became bolder and more confident.

“If you were so well known at the imperial court, my good Luzi,” said Mrs. Hildebirga kindly, ”you will certainly not be unaware of how the women of Rome dress and how they use the fabrics for their clothes. I need not first tell you, good Luzi, that undergarments require different fabrics from the outer garments. Now it is important for me to know how these fabrics are used. Not as if I did not know it myself, no, but only to let these ignorant things hear it from your mouth, because they are so full of contradiction.”

Mrs. Hildebirga cast a meaningful glance at the crowd of her maids, who were standing around with gloomy, unhappy expressions.

The good Luzi also looked most perturbed, although he had assumed a very serious, thoughtful expression, like the augur before he is about to pronounce the verdict of truth and fate.

Poor Luzi scratched behind his right ear, then behind his left, then he looked again at the sparkling, shimmering splendor of the precious fabrics and embroideries, but he remained silent, like a wise man who does not know what to say.

Mrs. Hildebirga thought that he wanted to gather himself together, and, her eyes beaming with delight, she immersed herself in all the splendors that lay spread out before her on the spacious table, and which now gave her pleasure, since she believed she could now, with Luzi's help, transform these treasures into garments. That was why she had been so kind to Luzi and

praised her own ingenuity, which had prompted her to ask the Roman for advice without admitting how perplexed she felt.

“Well, my good Luzi?” she asked at last, adding: ”You shall gain great royal thanks from me, the queen. Tell me what you know and what I want to hear from you - just for the sake of these harlots. So speak!”

Good Luzi felt a little anxious; he took his spiky chin in his ample right hand and kneaded it violently; he drew his forehead into wrinkled folds and stood sometimes on his right, sometimes on his left leg, but he still remained silent, frighteningly anxious.

Mrs. Hildebirga still waited patiently for the words of wisdom, so that all her maids cast envious glances at the old man, but astonished looks at the queen, for this seemed to them all to be the greatest of all miracles yet to be experienced.

But that little wrinkle was already appearing on the queen's clear forehead, running vertically across her brow and running over the root of her nose; it grew deeper and deeper, and her eyebrows drew together threateningly, but Frau Hildebirga was still silent; only her blue eyes shone threateningly at Luzi. He was still standing there pondering and examining the bower. There he saw chests whose lids were folded back, showing the rich treasures of linen and woven woollen cloth, of animal skins, including those of the precious ermine; also beautifully embroidered borders, but none of the chests showed such precious fabrics as lay spread out on the table. From this the Roman explained the perplexity of the princess, who had evidently only very recently come into possession of these magnificent fabrics. If only he had known how Frau Hildebirga had come into possession of them! It wasn't spoils of war, so what else?

“Well, my good Luzi,” said Mrs. Hildebirga in a trembling voice, ”will you soon come to your senses?” At this, the Queen's blue eyes lit up alarmingly again.

Luzi was startled and stammered: “Dear Queen! Consider that I have been a man of war, that it is many years since I have been far from the eternal city; how can I tell you today, in my slave's dress, of a world that is sunk and forgotten for this poor degraded senator of the Roman people!”

There was a flash of anger in the queen's eye and she was furious: “You have had Caesar as a guest, you have lived at the imperial court but you have forgotten how Roman women dress? A lie is one or the other, if not both! But I will help your memory, good Luzi. Listen! You were a mighty man, but today you are still a wise man and capable of giving advice. You know everything, including what I asked you. Here are twenty-five gold pieces, which are yours if I am satisfied with you; but if I am not, Dudar will give you as many blows: each blow is one gold piece less; remember that! Now, my good Luzi, you know the conditions; now tell me what you must and what you know.”

The queen remained silent. Embarrassed, Luzi scratched behind his ear again, blinked at the gold pieces on the table and looked over at the Hausmeier, who had raised his hazel stick promisingly like a baton.

“Good Madam Queen!” began the supposed ex-senator tearfully. “Everything I have said in my speech is as true as these pieces of gold here are pure, precious, good gold. But the degraded senator was never married, how can he tell you how women dress, how women adorn themselves, and how dominatrixes transform themselves into goddesses? Abandon the question and let him return to the slaves to mourn his miserable fate!”

Luzi was silent and cast down his eyes; but he glanced furtively over to Frau Hildebirga to see if he had found mercy. But what this one glance told him was the certainty that he had only the choice between the gold pieces and the hazel stick; there was no mercy for him. The glistening gold with the heads of his Caesar Gallienus greeted him in a friendly, hope-inspiring manner; the bailiff, who was leaning on the cursed hazel stick in the corner, testing the flexibility of his “toothed branch”, nodded to him in a friendly manner with a smile that could not be mistaken.

And again Luzi looked at the gold pieces, and again they smiled at him so kindly, and the golden philosopher seemed to whisper to him that he should not be a fool and tell what he did not know in a fresh and bold way; she was a woman after all, and even if she was a queen, she was still no more than a woman ---.

And Luzi opened her eyes and looked over at the queen. She had now

lost the last vestige of patience; from her face, reddened with anger, flamed glowing flashes of hatred and her speech, which she had wanted to color after the thunder, sounded almost hissing.

"You wicked, you unfaithful rogue, you foul dag! Now enough time has passed and for the last time, by my wrath, you shall hear me ask you whether you want to speak! Or shall the bailiff ask you?"

Luzi bent his knee, placed his right hand on his heart and spoke:

"Great Queen! I want to tell you, and will tell you what you ask, but grant me freedom of speech, for there are many things to tell you that you will wish were different!"

The queen, appeased by Luzi's docility, granted Luzi's condition and he began:

"Know then, Madam Queen, for the present, that your figure does not suit the Roman toga!"

Mrs. Hildebirga's brow furrowed threateningly, Dudar playfully tried the flexibility of his staff, but Luzi's eyes shone brightly and held a secret dialogue with the coined philosopher.

"Yes, princess, your figure would never fit the Roman toga! See how your short robe looks splendid on you, how all the people can admire the proud structure of your feet, which like slender pillars support the royal building of the proudest temple! Your national costume conceals this beauty all too much, because not all are like you. But your victorious beauty, O Queen, to which that of your rural daughters cannot even be compared, is also so far beyond that of the Roman women - which is why they cover themselves completely down to the ground, and still fill the hems with lead, so that no malicious breeze reveals their ugliness. Therefore, princess, stick to your costume, use the fabrics as you use the others, but renounce the desire to deprive your admirers of the sight of your beauty." ---

Luzi remained silent. In the full emotion of his victory, his eyes flashed as they once had in the arena - not down in the sand, of course, but up on the imperial podium. --- He now sent mocking glances over to Dudar, while his staff lay unnoticed on the ground.

The wrinkle of anger on Mrs. Hildebirga's face had vanished, she nodded approvingly at the speaker of these few words and said in a friendly tone:

"The Quaden Queen thanks you for that, my dear Luzi. But we still want to know the Roman woman's costume; in a few days your emperor's envoys will ride into our palace, and I want to be dressed like a Roman woman in their honor. So just tell me what I asked you, my dear Luzi.

With a deep bow, accompanied by an indecipherable smile, Luzi spoke, turning to Frau Hildebirga:

"You are the queen, but the degraded senator of the Roman people is your slave; you gave the order and old Luzi obeyed. So you should know that the garment closest to the body, which does not reach only to the knee as with your women, but to the ground, is filled with grains of lead at the bottom of the hem and is called a cothurn. The tunic of precious silk is pulled over it and girded with the cingulum, which is also called chlamys, then --"

"And how do they dress the feet?" asked Mrs. Hildebirga.

"They are in the cothurn," was Luzi's reply.

"Didn't you mention earlier what we call the Pfaid (shirt)?"

"Yes, my queen," replied Luzi, who must have been a little embarrassed, but could no longer answer back. "Yes, but names like that often occur. Cothurn is also called Soccus or Casula, because it is often the size of a small house, and the Romans do not have such delicate feet as you, O Queen."

A friendly look rewarded the bold speaker, who wiped the sweat of fear from his brow.

So the good Luzi had to pass an exam that made him more than a little nervous. With unheard-of impudence, he described the mysteries of the wardrobe of a Roman dominatrix, whereby it did not cause him any heartache that he confused the toga with the tunic, the chlamys with the sagum and invented other items of clothing that might have made their fortune in the mad, oversaturated Rome.

Luzi went on to tell how the women's clothes shone as if they were made of spun gold, and how it shone so brightly, even at night, that they could be seen from afar in the dark, even without a lantern; then they wore amber and

other precious stones of all colors the size of pebbles around their necks and arms, and in their hair, and finally shoes of pure gold.

That was already something, but it was not quite enough for the good Queen; she wanted to know more. What did she want to know? Of course, she hardly knew herself, for she had very vague ideas in mind.

But she began to believe in Luzi's knowledge; he had spoken of shiny gold fabrics and she had them. She became friendlier. The cunning one noticed this and now knew the way to collect the twenty-five gold coins, which now seemed certain to him. He cast a superior glance at the sinister bench and the even more sinister, fully-ready hazel stick.

He became bolder and lied into the blue as if he were growing flax. The queen swam in delight, for she always saw herself in these descriptions of splendor and magnificence, and yet she still did not know how all these splendors were to be cut and sewn from the magnificent fabrics she possessed in order to produce such splendid garments. But Luzi wanted to stun her so that she wouldn't ask a question that could tear apart his precarious web of lies in one fell swoop.

Who knows how long Luzi's lectures on the dress code of the Roman ladies would have lasted if an incident had not occurred which Luzi had not taken into account, and which therefore threw his so bold edifice over the house.

He was in the middle of describing a splendid suit worn by his cousin, the celebrated Domina Galliena, when she was a guest of the famous Zenobia, the wife of the praetor Odenatus in Tadmor, when Pipara rushed into the room, beaming with joy, pulling Gallienus in with her.

The greeting was warm; Luzi wanted to use this opportunity to withdraw modestly. But the queen was having a mild day today; Luzi's messages were invaluable, so he should be rewarded.

Therefore, Lady Hildebirga graciously pointed to Luzi and said to Gallienus in a tone of utmost kindness:

“My imperial son! I also want to give you pleasure. You know the changes of fortune to which the brave are subject. Here before you stands the

sibling cousin of your illustrious father, the noble proconsul Lucius Sempronius. He was captured in one of the last wars. I give him freedom, he may go home with you!"

Luzi did not know what was happening to him; his eyes were dizzy. But Gallienus fared no better; his eyes flickered as well. At first he was speechless with amazement, but then he was furious at the liar's insolence. Then he was angry:

"This is a lying mouth, such as no other has ever ended up on a cross! Speak, scoundrel, who are you? Tell me voluntarily or let the scorpions whip the answer out of your back!"

The sun doesn't rise twice in one day. Luzi knew that. He cast a painful look of renunciation at the golden foxes glittering on the table, and a wistful squint at the hazel stick, for it was mild against the scorpions of the Romans. He knew that only the truth could secure him a lenient punishment. So he told in a tearful tone that he had been a gladiator, had been enlisted in some cohort, had been taken prisoner, and after many vicissitudes had come to this royal court as a serf, and had thought it good to lie his way to a high rank to mitigate his service. He did not want to harm anyone and had otherwise served faithfully and honestly.

Gallienus' anger was gone, Pipara also laughed, only the queen was resentful, and yet she too was inclined to be lenient, mindful of Luzi's important messages. So she said:

"The king's word is spoken, you have your freedom; the twenty-five pieces of gold are also yours. But you shall not escape punishment. Come with me to the court." ---

Luzi went contritely after the queen, who had taken the twenty-five pieces of gold. Little did he know whether he would be able to enjoy the mercy, for such mercy often tasted desperately bitter.

They had entered the courtyard.

Mrs. Hildebirga came with a clay basin and ordered Luzi to fill it to the brim with water. Trembling, he obeyed. Curious people soon gathered to see what was going on; shyly at first, but then undaunted and in droves when they realized that Frau Hildebirga was happy to have many spectators.

Luzi stood trembling with the water-filled basin before the stern mistress, awaiting further orders.

"Put it in the middle of the courtyard and follow me."

He put the basin down and went into the kitchen after the queen. There she took a huge stirring spoon, gave Luzi a spoonful of flour and ordered him to pour this flour into the water vessel and stir it into a paste with the spoon, but he was to be careful not to spill any.

Luzi obeyed this order promptly. He stirred the flour porridge with all his might, but trembling and fearful, because everything was still unclear to him. On the other hand, his actions were a source of amusement for the court servants, and Luzi heard more taunts and laughter than he would have liked, for servants are a mischievous lot.

Mrs. Hildebirga let him stir until the sweat stood on his brow, then she put a stop to it. Now she went to the porridge herself, threw in the twenty-five gold pieces, stirred them vigorously and said:

"Freedom is yours, so take this last blow, for the free man is immune to the stick!"

After these words, she gave Luzi a slap in the mouth as a sign of future freedom. This was bearable, because --- it was to be the last! But what terrible thing was still to come? His whole body trembled.

"There are the twenty-five gold pieces in this basin. I don't want to decide whether you deserve them or not; that's up to the rulers of fate. Take them out of this flour porridge with your mouth. As many of them as you fish out before sunset are yours. What is not yet out after sunset is released; in such a way that anyone who wishes may fish, but likewise only with the mouth."

This was a mild atonement, but a very shameful punishment aimed at mockery.

The queen had seats brought for herself, Gallienus and Pipara, the court servants and other curious people closed the ring and the game began.

Luzi knelt in front of the basin, braced himself with both arms on the floor and, after taking a deep breath, dipped his head into the porridge. The bowl was deep and wide, so he had to submerge his whole head in order to

touch the bottom. All around him there was silence, for curiosity and a certain excitement were still holding back the laughter. But when Luzi pulled his head out of the pool to get some air, a storm broke out,

The royal court had not heard such laughter for a long time.

Luzi raised his head, but it was no longer Luzi. The sticky mass had covered his mouth, nose, eyes and ears with a layer that stretched in long threads towards his stomach and even now prevented him from breathing. He hastily reached for his mouth to catch his breath, but he coughed violently and jumped up into the air. He soon recovered, but was unable to see and groped around the courtyard for a long time until he found the pool again. Of course, his first fish move was unsuccessful, but the spectators had fun and Luzi wasn't worried about being made fun of.

Again there was silence, for Luzi dived under for the second time; this second dive had probably not yielded a gold piece either, but Luzi was teachable; he now knew how to start so that he would not suffer shortness of breath again. So it went on several times, until at last he triumphantly lifted up a gold piece, soon a second, and so on. Before evening came, he had counted all twenty-five pieces of gold in his pocket. After he had washed himself thoroughly, he laughed at those who thought they were still fishing after the sun had set. Now he knew how true the saying was that he who laughs last laughs best.

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Gallienus had ridden ahead of the others in order to bring his Pipara the good news as quickly as possible; two days later, the impressive procession of the legation arrived, escorted by none other than King Attal himself with eleven of his mightiest warriors.

In the castle at Eburodunum, meanwhile, a joyous feast was organized to celebrate the king's daughter's elevation to the rank of emperor's daughter and emperor's bride. Frau Hildebirga was also made happy, for Caesar

Gallienus had given his bride some female slaves, whose duty it was to fit her with the magnificent robes he had brought with him and to teach her how to move in them. This was very convenient for Hildebirga, as she now also wanted to behave in the manner of the noble dominatrixes of Rome.

While the queen and the future empress's slaves were unpacking the boxes and bales and arranging and examining their contents, Gallienus and Pipara sat together in a smaller room of the castle chatting sweetly, for what do jewelry, clothes and gifts matter to a loving bride if the one around whom all her thoughts, feelings and loves revolve is with her, especially when the precious one can only rarely be present.

Beautiful Pipara sat on Gallienus's lap and leaned her head against his broad chest while he ran his fingers through her long golden hair.

“Good Pipa!” the emperor began tenderly after a long pause. “Now it's getting serious; you are now one of the most distinguished dominatrixes in Rome and will soon become the highest woman in the world, the Empress of Rome. For me you are the most amiable girl as you are, but we have different customs from you Teutons, and the Roman people, whose mistress you will soon be, have the right to demand that their empress be the supreme guardian of their customs.”

“Won't you, sweet Pipa, give me the pleasure of soon acquiring Roman manners so that you can be a proud, noble Roman woman not only in dress but also in character? --- Domina Cornelia Salonina! How beautiful the name sounds! And after our marriage it will be: Domina Cornelia Salonina Augusta! But for me you will always remain my sweet, sweet Pipa!”

Pipa looked at Gallienus questioningly with her big eyes; she and her mother had not yet thought of this. But she soon realized that dressing differently also meant acting differently, just as Gallienus and his companions acted differently from her father and his followers. She promised to be a docile pupil.

Gallienus thought the time had come to bring the ten slaves to his bride and show her the splendors that were now spread out in the women's room. There were the precious robes, the richest embroideries of the Orient in gold and pearls, sparkling necklaces and bracelets, fans and similar small objects,

which had always been indispensable to the noble women's costume. But there were also other household items such as waxes and the like. But what caught the eye almost more than all this dazzling splendor was the vast number of objects that did not actually belong to the costume itself, but were merely used to decorate it. The crowning glory of these devices, still completely unknown to the women of Eburodunum, was formed by three enormous man-sized mirrors which stood up on the floor and were connected by joints in such a way that they could be opened and closed like a book. The observer saw his reflection three times simultaneously in the finely silvered, brightly polished mirrors of cast ore plates. It was a thing the like of which had never been seen before, but whose inestimable value was immediately recognized by the queen and her daughter.

Gallienus stood aside and feasted his eyes on the delight of his bride, who stood in front of the three-way mirror and was amazed to see herself three times at the same time. The game in front of the mirror went on for a while: now the slaves entered. Bending their knees and crossing their arms over their chests with their heads bowed, they greeted their new mistress.

Only a short time before, Pipara had acted like a child in front of the mirrors, now she faced the girls with dignity; proudly erect, with calm, measured movements, without being stiff. Above the proud self-confidence she displayed, there was an unfading grace, that enchanting grace that only favored people possess, which can neither be learned nor taught. She welcomed her servants with a few friendly words and promised them that she would be a gentle mistress if they did not forget their duties. With that she beckoned them to rise and accepted a kiss on the hand from all of them, as if she had been accustomed to this from her youth.

If Gallienus himself had previously felt unexpected joy at the astonishment and unadorned joy of the child of nature when he saw the mirror, this was now coupled with amazement when he saw how gracefully Pipara received the slaves. Under some pretext, the emperor removed them from the chamber and hurried towards Pipara, embracing and caressing her to express his joyful astonishment:

“My dear, sweet Pipa! You could not have offered me more happiness!

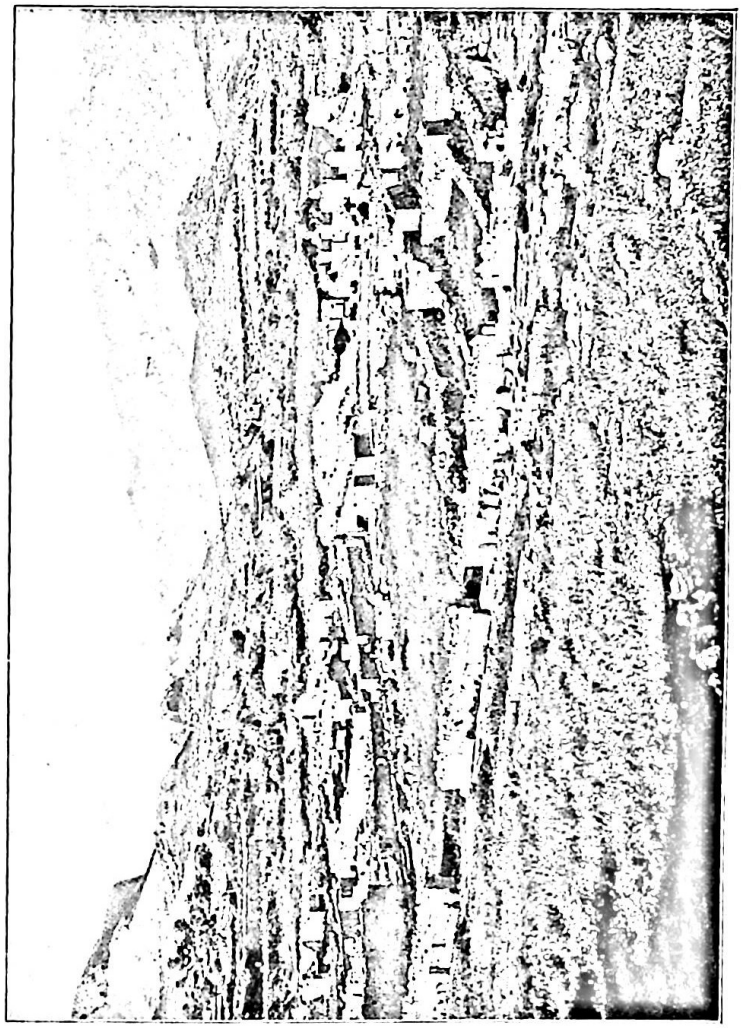

Illustration 4: Salona near Spalato. Dalmatia, Austria's Riviera.
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Only now do I realize what a sweet secret this little red mouth closes for me like a cherry-red seal. I must kiss it open in order to read the pearl script hidden behind it by the rulers of destiny!"

And he embraced the girl with such a stormy embrace that in her happy laughter she let him see the pearl teeth that were locked behind the cherry-red seal.

"Is it such a great art to pretend to be noble?" laughed Pipara, proud of her bridegroom's praise. I know who you are, and that I will be like you, I know that too, because as your wife I am you. That was clear to me. I now observed how you used to behave, and so I did; that is the whole magic! What is still missing will not be more difficult to learn and get used to."

After many a teasing word of love, Gallienus withdrew and the slave girls began to transform the Germanic Pipara into the dominatrix Cornelia Salonina. -- Mrs. Hildebirga sat by as a silent spectator, for the proud, dazzling splendor that now surrounded her daughter had a paralyzing effect on her.

Then the shapeless bandages fell from Pipara's legs, the disfiguring leather strips that made her feet appear so shapeless and clumsy. Bright red silk stockings embroidered with gold replaced the leather strips, golden clasps the bandages. But these stockings were made in a very peculiar way, because like the thumb of a glove, the big toe had a separate layer to make room for the sandal strap. Now it was the turn of the sandals. They were magnificent pieces of jewelry. They were made of dark red leather, richly decorated with little gold plates so that they shimmered; and the soft soles! How the dark straps stood out against the bright red stockings! Frau Hildebirga swam in pride and delight. Now came the other undergarments. The stole was placed over the shirt; it was a kind of tunic, wide-folded, made of the finest white wool and reaching down to the floor. Over this came the second stole of white silk, with a wide border of heavy gold embroidery at the bottom, heavily embroidered with pearls. Now the hands of the slaves

had their hands full, for the folds had to be artfully arranged before the bandages were wrapped[10] around the body like a fist. Naturally, both stoles were cut very tightly over the hips, while they increased excessively in width towards the bottom; above the hips, the slender figure was not to be impaired, while the visible part of the stole had to fall richly. For this reason, grains of lead were sewn into the hem of the lower stole, while the upper stole had drops of gold hanging from the embroidery for the same effect. --- It was a long time before the topmost slave was satisfied with the folds.

Pipara breathed a sigh of relief, for she thought her suit was finished, but that was not the case. With a smile, she resigned herself to continue being adorned.

Now it was time for the actual tunic. It was shorter than the two stoles, as it only reached halfway up her calves so as not to cover the embroidery on the stole.

While the two stoles did not cover the arms, neck or bust, but only held them in place with narrow ribbons at the armpits, the tunic closed more tightly at the top. At the armpits, the tunic was closed with rich, jewel-like clasps, so-called fibulae. The sleeves were peculiar. These were trimmed on the outside of the arm from the bottom to armpit height at regular intervals with small, flashing fibulae, between which the fine white skin color of Pipara shone out. A precious belt was now placed around the young dominatrix's tunic, which had now covered her upper body again in artful folds, just as rich folds had to flow downwards from the belt. This tunic was made of dark green silk brocade with gold ornaments woven into it. A rich border formed the bottom, from which fringed gold drops dangled to force the heavy fabric into pleasing folds.

The suit was completed with a dark garnet red palla. This was a large, square piece of cloth worn in a rich drape, similar to a man's toga. A clasp of rare value held this garment fastened to the young dominatrix's left armpit.

The hairstyle was left unchanged, only a rich tiara gracefully embraced

[10] As the Romans did not yet know “corsets de Paris”, id est bodices, they were worn around the waist up to below the breasts, creating a kind of surrogate for the bodice. We don't want to reveal any other toilette secrets; there would be many very spicy ones.

the openly flowing golden waves. The imperial jewelry completed her attire.

But Pipara, tormented by her splendor, was not yet granted any rest, for Fabula, the first of the slave girls, now had to give her mistress lessons on how to behave in these clothes when standing, walking, sitting and lying down, in particular how to wear the palla and how to fold it so that this unhelpful garment would only look half-dressy.

This was the Roman national costume, which the future empress was to reassert over the increasingly popular Greek and Oriental women's costumes. However, it had not been of much use; as is well known, government measures in matters of fashion have rarely been successful.

Pipara then practiced throwing the folds of her palla in front of the mirrors, trying to walk, sit and lie down. It wasn't as easy as it looked, as there were many tricks to learn, but soon she was doing quite well. It was also difficult for the Germanic woman to wean herself off the long strides, because the heavily hanging folds of the stoles and tunic began to swing in an unattractive way that impaired her dignity.

"Poor child!" said Frau Hildebirga. "How difficult you will be with such a burden of clothes in the kitchen and with housekeeping! Always walking slowly, always having to make sure the folds are nicely folded, and then having to keep an eye on the spit to make sure the goose doesn't burn..."

"Forgive me, exalted queen!" Fabula said modestly but firmly, giving herself the dignity of a mistress of ceremonies. "Forgive me, high lady; a different custom prevails at the imperial court in Rome. Augustus' high, goddess-like wife, the sublime Augusta, is never allowed to enter the kitchen, never allowed to raise her hand to work. Other duties await her. That is why she must first and foremost take care to show in her clothing and her character that she is so close to the gods; she is forbidden to work, whether in the kitchen or in the house, or even to do pleasant spinning."

"So just be beautiful!"

The queen had thought that, but had not said it, for she knew well that there was no contradiction. But it would not occur to her, the excellent landlady, how a household could be constituted where the housewife was not allowed to put the goose she had cooked herself on the table for her dear

lord. She shook her head at the incomprehensibility of this and remained silent.

But it was not only the play of folds alone that the young dominatrix had to learn in order to gain recognition as such at the imperial court. Another important skill to be considered an accomplished lady was the graceful handling of the fan. Natural grace was also Pipara's best teacher in this respect; she soon became friends with the fan. The hardest part, however, was the language, for as Empress of Rome she had to learn to understand and speak its language. Fabula was her teacher in this too.

Thus adorned and equipped with the first basic rules of Roman decorum, she strode out into the chamber where Gallienus was waiting for her.

He had jumped up and stopped in delight. Pipara had approached the emperor with measured, graceful steps, bowed in the middle of the path, then walked up to him, bent her right knee before him, kissed his hand and spoke to him in his mother tongue:

"Happiness and salvation to you, Gallienus Caesar semper Augustus, from Pipara, your betrothed, by the grace of your illustrious father Licinius Valerianus semper Augustus, Domina Cornelia Salonina! Happiness and salvation to you!"

Even if she had not understood these words, for what she wanted to say had been translated into Roman by her Fabula and the words had been taught to her like a proverb, they nevertheless cast a powerful spell over Gallienus; after all, they were the first Latin words he had heard from the mouth of his bride. With a surge of passion, he picked up the girl and drew her to his breast in a passionate embrace.

"Pipara, dear Pipa, how did you work the miracle of metamorphosis? Now I believe everything, word for word, that Ovidius says about metamorphosis in his fifteen books!"

And again he embraced the overjoyed woman, but there was no reply. He therefore repeated what he had said before, but Pipara laughed wantonly, and her eyes shone like the sunniest sky over sunny Italia:

"If you, dearest of hearts, want an answer, then send for Fabula; she will

first translate your words for me. But don't worry, I will soon learn to understand and speak them."

Only now did Gallienus understand. But he was delighted that Pipara had learned the words to greet him as a Roman in her transformation.

He could not admire her splendid figure enough and was full of praise for the way Pipa had adapted so quickly to her new clothes.

"But now you must also give me pleasure, you must grant me a request," Pipara flattered him and looked up at him with such cheerful, pleading eyes that he begged her to tell him of this wish so as not to lose time in fulfilling it. Then she nestled her slender form against his mighty body, laid her head on his breast and said:

"To distant lands I will, I will follow you, my only one, I will leave everything behind around you, even my name. I will take only one thing with me, but I will first commend it to your favor."

"And what is this one thing, my love?" asked the emperor, the gold curls playing through his fingers.

"This is my playmate, my dear Walpurgis. She was born free and noble and is my friend. She should not be despised in Rome, she should never be taken for a slave or servant, for she follows me voluntarily. It was she who chased away the clouds from my mind when anxious worries crept around me, it shall be she who shall steel me in defiance against fate when the fight against my enemies in my new homeland should be too difficult for me, it shall be she on whose faithful heart I can then weep out my pain, for to you, my dearest, the eye shall always smile cheerfully and happily."

This request was not to Gallienus' liking, but he took no notice of it and replied:

"Let your request be granted; let Walpurgis be raised like you to Roman citizenship, and let you be given the power to do so when and where you wish, even to marry her at your pleasure. But I also have a request."

"Speak, speak, beloved! Before I thank thee for thy grant."

"You spoke forebodingly of enemies, of tears! What bride thinks of that? And, if so, what bride announces in advance that she will not let the one she

loves, who is to be her everything, become her husband, that she will not let him share in what weighs her heart down? What bride deprives her bridegroom in advance of the sweet pleasure of one day being able to give her comfort and balm?"

"I don't want to offend you, dear one!" Pipara exclaimed with emotion and looked up at Gallienus. But the laughing blue of her eyes had given way to a florid one.

"I don't want to offend you dear one! But often you will not understand me, because we German girls are of a different kind than the Romans must be, because you also have a different custom. I can accept this custom, outwardly I can become a Roman, but here inside I remain unchangeable!"

She was silent; once more she raised her florid eyes to him in mute entreaty. The look had touched his heart powerfully; it was unclear to him what her words meant. Then he remembered what Tacitus had once written about the nature of the Germanic woman. How the Teuton ascribes a certain holiness, even prophetic gifts, to women; how he respects women's advice and listens to what they say. Yes, the Germanic people worshipped Albruna and Veleda, as well as other women, and neither out of flattery nor out of idolatry. He believed he now understood this Tacitean word and thought he understood Pipara. ---

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King Attal had sent out a grand invitation to his great men to celebrate his daughter's betrothal, which was to take place in a few days' time. It was hard on the queen's mind that she should be inferior to her daughter in the splendor of her appearance.

"You have dreamed up something very impossible, woman," the king had said when Mrs. Hildebirga had told him of her desire for stoles, tunics and pallias, together with mirrors, fans and accessories.

But Frau Hildebirga was not one of those who immediately sulked or wept, for she was a clever woman, and only foolish women do that.

"You are king and lord of men, Attal!" she had said, and had left him in a

friendly manner.

The other day the queen called Herrn Attal into the courtyard, for which she had assumed a very mysterious expression. He was sitting just outside in the courtyard, whittling arrows for the hunt; so he was not particularly pleased when he was asked to leave this inexpensive activity.

"You should admire your state outfit, which our Pipa's noble maids tailored for you, and you will make a state with it like the Persian king! King Ostrogotha would be green with envy if he saw it!"

King Attal smiled like someone who is secretly pleased by something, but has his reasons for not letting it show.

Lady Hildebirga helped him put on the new robe. He shook his head when he saw the bright-red leg warmers, but he put them on after all. Then he tied the red leather soles to his feet with the red leather straps, to which he remarked that he did not want to say anything against it; but no one should put Roman sandals on his legs.

Frau Hildebirga now ceremoniously unveiled the gold-brocaded tunic, which was long and wide enough to be worn over the breast. The belt and purple cloak and the gold-trimmed purple hat were also presented. Finally, when the king had put on the hat, Mrs. Hildebirga pinned a golden tine crown over the top of the hat. The hat smiths had forged it outside at Blausegge in the Moon Forest and Pipara had donated the precious metal from her treasure gold. All this pleased the king and he was delighted when he stood in front of Pipara's mirror and could admire himself three times over at the same time. He had never seen himself so beautiful.

"Now wait a little, dear heart, I must let you see something else!"

So the queen had called out and had run off. The king's wait did not seem long, for he too had his pleasure in being able to admire himself undisturbed in his own unprecedented splendor.

Pipara's girls were already waiting in the women's hall for Frau Hildebirgen to dress them as quickly as possible in their new splendid robes.

The queen also had to have light red, gold-embroidered silk stockings with dark red leather and bandages. Instead of the stole, she stuck to the

good German petticoat, but used it in various ways to imitate stoles and tunics. She therefore wore several linen petticoats, longer than usual, but they only reached halfway up her calves, as Mrs. Hildebirga was well aware of Luzi's praise of her slender legs. Over these linen petticoats came a white wool one and over that a white silk one, also richly embroidered with gold and pearls. Over this silk skirt came the actual dress, which was enclosed by a belt. This dress had the usual length down to the knee so as not to cover the silk embroidery of the skirt. It was made of gold brocade. Instead of the palla, the shape of the customary local coat was retained; this was of course a purple coat with gold trim. Mrs. Hildebirga had also used the bandages, which no sensible person would blame her for. The suit was completed by a gold hood with a small golden crown on the top, from which a delicate veil flowed down, and a rich golden breast clasp which held the coat together at the front.

So the queen stood before her lord and husband. He was not a little astonished when he saw his dear wife; was it not a native costume, only more richly decorated, as he allowed? But Frau Hilde had only seen his answer in his expression, so she took her dear lord by the hand and walked with him to the mirrors. The king was able to suppress an ambiguous smile, and had also cradled his crowned head very apprehensively, but had said nothing.

Yes, Frau Hildebirga was a clever woman! She had known exactly why she had not wept, why she had not sulked, when the king had told her that she had was dreaming something very impossible.

Ninth Adventure

How Domina Galliena traveled to Africa

Africa, Numidia, Sicca Veneria! -- Banishment!!! -- There may be no worse word than the word banishment! Suddenly the man stands before you, grave and courteous; he hands you the letter which, in plain words, contains the order of expulsion which you must obey. You know that the man knows the meaning of the document as well as you do, for you are convinced that he has received precise instructions as to how he should behave if you do not inevitably comply. You are still grateful to fate that you have been given the transparent appearance that the courtesy is true and that the expulsion is really a gracious appointment to an important post. You give yourself the appearance of taking for reality what is only appearance, so that even the terrible man at your side is forced to keep up appearances and present himself as your loyal subordinate. A secret fear creeps over you near the silent one. Mirages frighten you: When the shores sink into the waves, when sky and water are the only things your gaze is able to grasp in the wide surroundings, a pale shiver grips your heart. Will you once again see the sacred earth emerge from the waters before you? Poison, dagger or what else will the hideous mysterious one use against you? Or will the mouth of a fish be your grave? But these are not all the terrors that torment your soul; there are many others.

The departure was sudden and unprepared. Your home will be searched, and what witnesses will this investigation produce against you? The most insignificant thing can become a weapon in the hands of your persecutors, capable of shattering you! Then your false friends! The fact that you have had

to leave behind what has become dear to you fills you only with quiet melancholy, for fear, nameless fear, is crushing you. The place of your exile is still known to you only by name; you do not yet know whether you will be free there, whether you will be imprisoned and how. These and a thousand other questions torment you without ceasing.

There may be no worse word than the word banishment! ---

These were the thoughts that occupied Domina Galliena as she climbed into the hidden carriage, accompanied by the silent Bonitus and the sobbing Cora. The nurse Menophila was allowed to stay behind to provide the princess with what clothing and other necessities she could. She was also to bring her slaves. Some of Bonitus' comrades supervised this activity. A ship on the Tiber was to take all this to Ostia the next day, where it was to be loaded onto the trireme. Accompanied by horsemen, the wagon rolled along the Via Ostiensis at a sharp trot.

Ostia was reached. The trireme was already moored there and the princess was immediately taken on board. Bonitus looked after her like the best travel marshal. Domina Galliena was immediately given a sumptuously furnished room, with the polite request that she rest here from the hardships of the long carriage journey and catch up on the sleep she had missed. She knew what this care meant; she complied with this advice, which was actually an order not to step on deck or disembark while the ship was at anchor. With proud resignation, she resigned herself to the inevitable.

The lonely hours on board, however, gave Galliena enough opportunity to take a calm, collected look at her situation, which no longer seemed so bleak to her. She was young, beautiful, fun-loving and domineering. Where there is a famous temple to Venus, such qualities are certainly no inappropriate gift from the gods. She might have rejoiced that Sicca Veneria and not Pantelleria was her place of banishment. In Sicca Veneria it would still be possible to drape the imperial cloak around her beautiful shoulders, whereas in Pantelleria starvation is the only salvation[1]. But she was clever

[1] Agrippina, wife of Germanicus, was banished to the island of Pantelleria by Tiberius, where she died of starvation on October 18, 33 AD.

Illustration 5: He could not admire her splendid figure enough... Book 2, Chapter 8, Page 35.

enough to keep this glimmer of hope locked away inside her. Instead, she complained aloud about the separation from Gallienus, the star of her love. She only did this when she thought she was being watched by Bonitus, but not otherwise. The voyage lasted about a week.

Domina Galliena lay on purple cushions under a purple canopy on the rear deck of the ship. A fresh breeze billowed the sails and brought a pleasant coolness. The sky was blue, the sea blue, but this blue was saturated with the most incandescent sunlight, overwhelmingly magnificent in its monstrous uniformity, the shoreless sea lay before the eyes of the princess. To the south, the shores of Africa rose up blue from the blue waters; and there laid a lightly glowing haze. This is the greeting of the Libyan desert.

The trireme approached Carthago, the “African Rome”.

The shores rose higher and higher out of the sea, fellow sailors came into view and small vessels pulled up to the state trireme. Each wanted to be the first to offer fresh water, fruit or other necessities to the arrivals. But the imperial flag kept them at bay. The mighty temple of Juno Caelestis already stood before the eyes of the princess in the broadest sunlight; the temple of Saturn also shone forth with its white marble columns from the stony sea of the mighty city. A blooming vine-green wreath of lush vines surrounded the cheerful Augustan colony, as if it had been decorated as a bacchante to receive the princess. The villas of the wealthy Carthaginians peeked out from between the hills of vines, under palm trees and sycamores many a magnificent marble statue marked a cozy spot, created for drinking, singing and making love.

Then the trireme dropped anchor; she had not yet entered the harbor. This again aroused concern in the princess's breast. A boat was put to sea; Bonitus went ashore alone. None of the vessels circling the trireme were given permission to dock there. Galliena felt more than ever like a prisoner. Hours passed. Then a narrow riverboat with only two masts and a single row of oarsmen's benches approached, flying the imperial flag. Bonitus was on board.

Galliena boarded this ship, which was to take her to Sicca Veneria. The

reloading of the effects was soon completed and the small ship immediately set sail.

On its deck, too, the exile rested on purple cushions under the purple tent, surrounded by fan-wielding slave girls, as if it were only a flight in the Sinum Misenum and not a forced journey to Sicca. However, the slender vessel did not call at Carthage's harbor, but glided gently along the coast until the mouth of the Nubricatus was reached in a short time. The ship entered this river under sail and continued its journey gently upstream. The full moon rose over palm and myrtle bushes, fields of grain heavy with ears, rose gardens announcing wine and pale green oil plants waved in its mild light, comfortingly passing the exile. Refreshing breezes carried the scent of jasmine and roses over to the deck. At not too great intervals, rows of white houses in friendly villages shimmered across, wrapped around a villa or a noble residence, like the arm of a lover around the swelling neck of his beloved. Then it whispered softly between the palm fans, and here and there the gentle zephyr carried a few fragments of cithar chords.

That was a not unfriendly welcome that the land of the exiles sent on board. And that stretch of earth where Venus, breathing like a rose, rules over the gods must have been a happy place.

The first flaming greetings from Helios were already gliding over the land, the magnificent marble building of the Temple of Aphrodite was already glowing in the dawn light as the anchor chains sank rattling into the ground. Sicca Veneria was reached.

Here, too, Bonitus disembarked for the time being.

It wasn't long before the commander of the place - the tribune Caius Titus Cornelius Celsus - arrived with his entire entourage to fetch his emperor's relative with the honor she deserved.

For the time being, she was to live in the praetorium until she was granted her own palace. So she was free!

The tribune Celsus was a handsome man, and so Domina Galliena did not find any of the palaces proposed to her suitable until she finally, at least for the time being, took up permanent residence in the praetorium of Sicca,

while Celsus lived under the same roof.

Of course, Celsus went to great lengths to describe the comforts of his own palace to his beautiful guest in the most glowing colors, but Domina Galliena found the praetorium quite lovely; there was nothing more to be said against it. The princess soon made herself at home and comfortable in the praetorium.

Once again a beautiful moonlit night had risen over Sicca, the breeze gently wafted through the palm trees so that it seemed as if their giant fans were fanning coolness through the night. The scent of rose and jasmine, myrtle and aloe was intoxicating, and a few slave girls preluded softly on cithars and triganons, for a Greek singer had just finished an Anacreontic song.

"And how does my prisoner like this Greek song of roses and wine?"

The princess asked the tribune Celsus, who was sitting respectfully on a chair at the table. He would not have dared to stretch out on the cushions of the dining table like Galliena. Even if he was not otherwise shy, Galliena's rank exerted a constraining pressure on his mind.

"Why do you, exalted princess, always talk about prison and prison guards!" cried the tribune, almost angrily, as far as respect for the princess would allow. "That was the reason why I advised you not to live in the praetorium. You, divine one, are free, free as a bird in the air!"

"And yet, tribune, I am your prisoner." At this she sighed so noticeably that the good Celsius suddenly felt reminded of the sultriness of the African midday. But the princess played carelessly with her fan, and now and then let one of her glowing eyes glide over the tribune. Were those the red silk lanterns with which the ceremonial tent was illuminated, pouring that crimson over Celsus?

"But I still don't know how you like the Anacreontic song? The song of roses and wine! Roses are reminiscent of Aphrodite, and wine of Bacchus! And how Bacchus reminds me of myself!"

And again the princess had shot out glances from under her long eyelashes and then veiled her eye with those same eyelashes, and again played

with her fan.

"How should the song of Anacreon, the singer of love and liquid gold, cause me any displeasure, I who was born in the land that Apuleius prides himself on calling his son?"

"Since when is Apuleius a Numidian? I always thought he was a Carthaginian."

"Since the time of Augustus, Numidia has been enlarged by a considerable part of the Carthaginian territory; Sicca did not belong to Numidia before. But princess, you used to say that Bacchus reminded you of yourself? How do I find the connection?"

Galliena seemed to be overcome by great sadness. Heavy sighs heaved in her chest and two large tears welled up in her eyes. Then she said, as if this message were flowing from her heart under unconscious pressure:

"My good Celsus! You know what happened between Ariadne and Theseus, don't you? Can't Bacchus remind me of me?"

The good Celsus had become terribly sultry, especially as his memory was failing him somewhat. Theseus? - He had run away from Ariadne; how? Where? Why? But what was the connection here? But it would not have been appropriate to confess such a weakness of memory to the princess, so he said as sympathetically as possible:

"Goddess! Do I know that! How sorry I feel for poor Ariadne! But Bacchus shall live!"

"Yes, Bacchus shall live! My good Celsus!" cried Galliena with a twinkle in her eye, raising her cup to clink glasses with the tribune's. He complied with the request like a lonely sailor whose rudder had come loose; now he didn't understand her at all.

Galliena, however, pretended to believe that he had understood her parable, even though she realized the opposite. She beckoned him closer to her. Hesitantly, he moved his bisellium so close to Princess Lektus that she could grasp his open hand, as one is wont to do when one wishes to make confidential communications.

"My good Celsus," she began, looking deep into his eyes with a moist

gaze. “My good Celsus! Memories rise up before the eye of my soul. Once I was happy. It was in Bajä. Oh, how the friendly shores of Bajä, with their palm- and pine-lined villas, their proud cypress groves, are so much like your glorious Carthaginian coasts. Yes, it was in Bajä, my good Celsus! Air and sea seemed to have turned to fire, the Misenian mountains glowed in the rays of the setting sun, and the dark cypresses rose in broad shadows from the sun's glow, like the wings of Medea's dragon's team from the blood-red moon. Yes, it was in Bajä. A young man with black curls, gold powder in his shining hair, wandered through the pine grove, searching. I knew who he was looking for and hid myself. The strings of his lyre shone reddish, as if they glowed like his heart, like his love for me, like the elegy he had sung to me and lamented to the birds, the trees, the rocks! In faithful love I had cherished his image in my heart; I had so gladly believed that he too cherished my image like the lares of his soul, for he had sung it so beautifully, so enchantingly sweet! - And now! - Lonely was the grove, it did not suspect my nearness! - The blooming aerial forest, he had sung, was so barren to him, so empty, without me! Only from Zephyr's breath and his songs of longing did the extinct grove resound! He could announce his anxious hopes to the rock of his love with impunity! There, there he had found me - ! What bliss, what delight, what kisses! - And now! -- Now! Gallienus, if only the rock could tell you, the airy forest could tell you at once, these only sweet images of memory! - And now! -- Now! Where shall I begin with the first insult my heart suffered at his hands? Which do I weep for first? Once made happy by his love, and now so utterly unhappy by that very love! A paramour has robbed me of his love, I am mocked and tolerate such shame, such unspeakable suffering; and what have I done, what turned his mind, O cruel Venus, what have I done? Why do I deserve such a horrible fate? Venus Urania avenge the sacrilege against me, if any man's gaze even awakens the thought of love in me, if there had ever been room in my heart for another man's image! And though you, beloved Gallienus, have provoked my feelings to bitter pain, I can never forget it, the oath of fidelity that once bound our hearts. What grief did not your harsh behavior sow in this breast, which grew like a weed in lonely hours! Trunk walls were its witnesses! And now --

Now!!! Now I dare to make a stranger, you my good Celsus, the witness of my welling pain. I wish my heart to be like the staring cliffs of Caprea, and yet the springs of life still throb inside -- oh, Gods! Already I believed my heart to be soothed like sterile rocks, from which the flood of the woods, the flowers, even the earth was washed away; already I thought my blood iced over, already I hoped my secret of love buried deep in the shaft of oblivion, guarded by the silently borne pain, already I believed it closed, known only to me and my silent pain, the sweet lost form of a forgotten dream; then, Celsus, you called up the old memory - the wound is bleeding anew!"

Deeply shaken, Celsus had listened to the beautiful princess's words. He had forgotten that his hand was resting in hers, that she was squeezing it ever more tenderly and fiercely in the heat of the story, and that he was returning this squeeze half unconsciously.

Now she wept. -

Conquered by pain, she had not noticed how her tunic had slipped from her left shoulder, so that he could see the bosom in which this fierce pain was raging. Yes, if Galliena had been a woman, like other women, he would have understood her now. But she was a princess! Trembling, timid, fearful, Celsus asked, gazing into Galliena's glowing eyes like a rabbit into those of a giant snake.

"And you say, mistress, I, I have awakened that demonic pain in your soul, me! Oh, do not be angry with me! And yet, say so that I may avoid it in future!"

There was a flash of anger in the princess's eyes for a moment, as if she wanted to say:

"If you don't know, I won't tell you!" Instead, she said with a fiery look that pierced poor Celsus' heart and brought a blush to his forehead and cheeks:

"It is impossible for you to avoid it, my good Celsus, for it is you yourself, your figure, your voice, your face, your eye - as if you were he himself, he, the Caesar Gallienus Augustus, as if you were the purple-adorned emperor himself!"

That was an evil seed, sown in an evil hour! The hypocritical words of

Galliena, well versed in all the arts of courtship, and her masterly use of seduction had clouded the simple tribune's clear thinking and led him down a tragically wrong path. The crude lie that Celsus was like Gallienus had tipped the scales. If the princess's pampered eye recognized him, the poor simple tribune in one of the most forgotten corners of the earth, like a Sicca, as similar to the deified Caesar, if she, forced by his nature, had to confess her most sacred secret to him, then he not only had the appearance of an emperor in him, but also the power to transform this appearance into truth. And yet he had only imperfectly understood the princess's word and barely suspected her intention. He had been blinded by a stupidly proud desire to boast; the thought of future imperial splendor was already firmly in his mind; his sworn loyalty to the state and the emperor had been shaken beyond repair.

To Sicca there came oft Vibius Passienus, Proconsul of the provinces Africa and Numidia, and with him Fabius Pomponianus, Prefect of the Gentes Libyanorum. These twain, too, did the exiled lady soon bind in fast friendship, such that each deemed himself the favored of her heart. Within the temple of Venus, Galliena had granted unto each undeniable proofs of her regard, as clear as the sun upon the sands.

Yet the Tribune Celsus could not yet boast of her favor, and jealousy gnawed at his bones like a starved wolf against his two more fortunate rivals—one of whom stood even as his superior. Still, a comforting vision warmed his mind: that one day he might sit in Rome as Caesar Augustus Celsus. Then let the vain Ariadne-Galliena seek some other Bacchos to dance her revels with. With the tenderest love he had cleaved unto her, yet she bestowed her graces upon others. Should he ever grasp the imperial laurel, he vowed he would see her banished to some far-flung corner of the world, where no temple of Venus rose, but perchance another shrine might stand in its stead.

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Upon a fair morn, a ship did sail into Sicca's harbor—a rare event, for it

bore travelers hailing from Italia, from the very heart of Rome. Yet Sicca was not the end of this vessel's voyage, and it sailed modest, adorned with neither purple cushions nor a sun-shielding canopy of the same hue, for no princely exile graced its decks.

Flanked by a stout guard, two shackled souls trudged forth toward the Praetorium, where the lady herself lingered within the peristyle, ensconced in her grand pavilion of splendor. About her gathered the Proconsul Passienus, the Prefect Pomponianus, and the Tribune Celsus, whose brooding thoughts had deepened with the passing days. Wine flowed as freely as a river in spring, the rose garlands of the merry revelers crumpled and askew, for even the priestesses of the temple numbered among the invited. The feast seemed a rite unto itself, a symbolic wedding of Aphrodite to Bacchos—of the rose to the wine.

A cheerful chorus had faded away, and the girls were already preparing to dance when chains rattled from the direction of the tablinium. Everyone turned pale. Celsus jumped up to investigate.

Then he approached the tent and led in two prisoners in chains, guarded by legionaries, who were tasked with delivering a letter from Caesar Gallienus to Princess Galliena.

An eerie dread weighed upon the company in the tent, which only moments before had been so joyful. With trembling hands, the princess received the letter from one of the exiles. She had recognized him. With a voice trembling with shock, she called out to him:

"Are you not Palphurnius Sura, the Caesar's secret scribe?"

"I was, Princess!" the man replied in a broken voice.

"And your companion?" Galliena asked, sensing misfortune.

"He is the literarus Sabellus, the same one who wrote the Acta Diurna."

"And what is your mission?" the princess asked, gripped by fear, adding:

"Why you are here and in chains is not hard to guess. They found your letters with me, and with Sabellus too. For that, I must pay, and so must you both. But what do you want with me, arriving so unannounced?"

"That, Princess, is our mission," Sura replied. "Without delay, without any stop or hindrance, we were ordered to deliver this letter to you and learn

our fate from you. Therefore, O Princess, let us be commended to your mercy."

After these words, both knelt before Galliena and raised their hands imploringly.

"This is mockery!" Galliena gnashed, "for I myself am banished—how can I show mercy?!" Then she examined the letter. On the front it was written:

"Caesar Gallienus to Domina Galliena, through the most faithful of all secret scribes, P. Sura, and the most truth-loving of all literarii, Sabellus."

This was not a promising beginning for anyone familiar with Caesar Gallienus's peculiarities. With forced calm, Galliena opened the letter. She read:

"Friendly greetings beforehand, dear little cousin. I feel such a longing for you, whom I can no longer wrest from the envious goddess, that day and night I pondered how I might obtain your likeness. Then I remembered the African marble. Since Sura and Sabellus are currently unoccupied, they are to quarry several mighty marble blocks from the stone pits. A famous sculptor accompanies them to select the blocks. He will then carve several marble statues for the shared bedroom of myself and Domina Cornelia Salonina Augusta. One of these is to depict you as Venus, another as Mars. For the Venus, I ask you to pose as the model, and for Mars, you may point the artist to the appropriate model, which I'm sure you already know. Additionally, several other images of Venus are to be fashioned after you, to serve as votive offerings. Thus, you know my will, which I have written with my own hand. Fare well."

The paper fell from her trembling hands. Gallienus had outdone himself with this order; he could hardly have written a more devastating mockery in so few lines. For a long time Galliena was stunned.

"Mercy, divine princess!" the kneelers pleaded, for they thought Galliena was contemplating her fate.

"Where is the sculptor? Why didn't he come with you?" Galliena asked with trembling, pale lips.

"We know nothing of such a one, goddess. But we ask you for mercy and

a mild sentence!"

"I can give you no other consolation than that you must go to the quarries. I can tell you no more and no less."

That was a devastating word. Quarries! The epitome of misery! Half naked, poorly fed, exposed to the scorching sun within the chalk-white limestone cliffs with a constant lack of water, driven by the whip lashes of the supervisors, forced to work the quarry with chisel and mallet from sunrise to sunset, that was the epitome of the terrible word: quarry.

Devastated, the unfortunates left the raging princess.

Who could she trust, who could she trust? But soon she had regained her composure, her apparent calm. With Bacchic fury, she downed a cup of heavy Cyprus wine and waved to the intimidated priestesses of Venus standing to one side. The dance began anew, more furious, more furious than ever before.

The next day, Thyrataeus the sculptor appeared in the praetorium. It was a Greek artist, but not Phidias, for the great Greek art had long since gone to sleep, and Roman art, if we can speak of such a thing at all, had already been in its heyday for more than a hundred consulships. But artists are always a funny lot, deviating from what is going on in the street. Everything that rests in their hands receives a reflection of this; it rises above the dust of the earth, like Helios lifted from his solar steeds.

When Galliena received the irrefutable in the ceremonial tent of the Peristylium, with the dignity of an empress, the hated one introduced himself with that unconquered artistic whimsy which boldly defies all formulas without offending, but rather lifts everything up with it into those higher spheres into which earthly dust cannot penetrate.

"Your art was praised to me, Thyrtäos," Galliena said after the performance, in order to bring the conversation back to the subject of the artist's mission, and added the words with some difficulty:

"Tell me the purpose of your being here."

"Princess, the Prayitelean Age wants to renew itself, and I am happy to be one of those called!"

"And what do you mean by that?" asked Galliena, who did not

understand him.

"What do I mean by that? Daughters of kings and the noblest of women vied to show themselves unveiled to the eyes of artists, and took it for high glory when a master of art said: 'You are worthy to lend your body to a goddess to be worshipped by future generations. Is there a more divine profession than that of the artist? The gods form men, but we artists form the gods! But now bad times have come, and no woman wanted to show herself unveiled to the high priest of this divine art. False shame, unfortunate misjudgment of her rights to beauty caused women to deprive us artists of the sight of their beauty, and art went to its grave in mourning."

"Then my high patron summoned me and blessed me with the commission to create an image of the gods after your noble forms, divine Galliena, worthy of the roses of Cyprus, worthy to be enjoyed in the temples of divine honor! Divine one, adorned by the gods with transient beauty, grant the artist to behold this divine beauty and give it imperishable, eternal duration. Think, Exalted One, that which you reveal to the high priest of divine art with the mildness of the gods, that which he molds in exquisite marble according to your beauty, that which in all future times will allow millions of devotees to behold the deity, before which these millions will kneel in adoration, and this adored deity is your beauty, this sublime goddess is you!"

The artist's words had sounded different from how Galliena had understood the emperor's letter and what he had meant. Galliena had not thought of a friendlier solution to this shameful imperial order, least of all what the artist had revealed to her in such eloquent words full of great enthusiasm. It wasn't adornment that had made the idea of showing herself undisguised to an artist seem so unbearable to her, for brittleness was quite alien to the princess: indeed, in other circumstances she would even have voluntarily sought out an artist's workshop to do the same. But here, this commission from the emperor, which, moreover, could not be denied its mockery, seemed to her like slave labor.

So she looked up gratefully at the artist, a cheerful blush returned to her cheeks and the stern seriousness of her expression gave way to a friendly

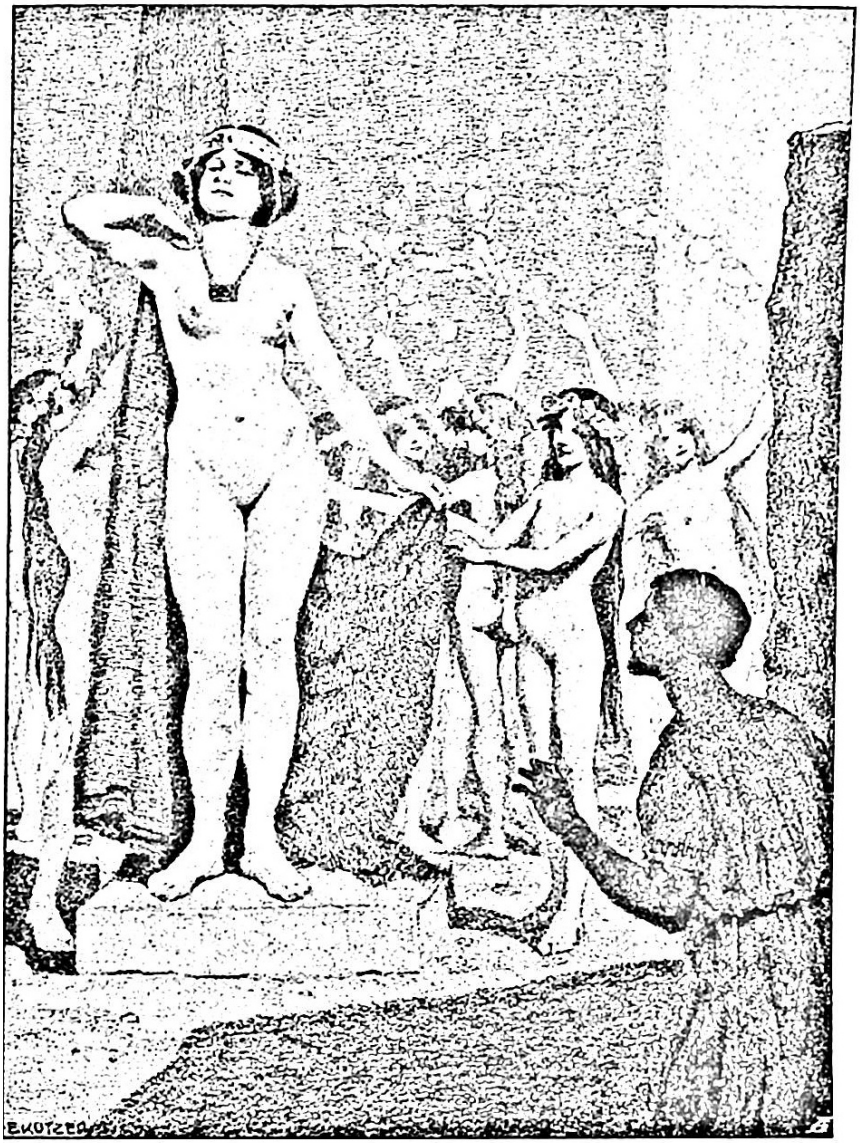

Illustration 6: A tremor ran through the artist, who was still kneeling and looking up at the incomparable beauty he had never seen before. Book 2, Chapter 9, Page 55.

smile. She replied almost cheerfully:

"Well, Thyrtäos, you know how to wheedle me in favor of your art, and I want to believe that you are not wrong, so I will listen to your pleas."

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Weeks had passed since then. The artist had been given a side courtyard in the Temple of Venus. He had set up his workshop there. A magnificent white block of marble stood erect, sculpting tools lay beside it. A few steps away, a soft carpet was spread out on the white sandy floor, a lectus stood ready, behind which a curtain closed the courtyard like a tent.

The sculptor stood expectantly in front of the marble block and tried his chisel. Pieces of marble splintered and rolled to the ground with a clatter, his marble sand trickling down. Then the curtain slowly parted on both sides. A moderately deep hall became visible; twilight flooded it. There stood Galliena in the purple robe of Venus on a gilded chariot with white doves fluttering around her. A crowd of blooming girls, completely undressed, pulled the shell chariot out into the courtyard. Thyrtäos bent one knee. When they reached the place where the carpet lay spread out on the sand, Galliena got down from the chariot, which was led back again.

The princess now stood on an elevated pedestal next to the lectus, surrounded by an incomparable group of charming girls. Then two of them approached Galliena and removed the goddess's purple robe. The beautiful princess's marble limbs shimmered out of the dark folds, like the first rays of sunlight from the opening of a stormy cloak.

A tremor ran through the artist, who was still kneeling and looking up at the incomparable beauty he had never seen before. The artist is also a man, but such a man has the eye of the artist. The woman who inspires the artist, such a woman is beautiful. This first revelation of her beauty, so carefully prepared, had also produced the well-calculated indelible impression on the artist. With an ardent gaze, he seemed to want to absorb the magnificent figure with his eyes. Then he said in a bright, joyful voice:

"Surely, divine princess, Praxiteles would have cried out at the sight of

you: Yes, glorious one, you are worthy to lend your body to a goddess to be worshipped by generations to come!"

Galliena asked with a friendly smile and seductive eyes:

"And if Praxiteles would have spoken thus, how does Thyrtäos speak?"

"That he envies the gods for creating such men and despondently lowers his chisel, for he cannot form gods from such men!"

He had shouted this enthusiastically and added almost sadly:

"I thought I was soaring above Praxiteles and Phidias with eagle wings, and now I feel these eagle wings shriveling up into mosquito wings! How small I have become."

"Don't be afraid, master!" cried the princess, delighted at the impression made by her proud beauty. "Don't be afraid, go bravely to work. There is the block. Think to yourself that an adverse fate has bound me in it, and it is now up to you to chisel me out with iron and mallet; it is up to you to take care not to scratch my skin in the process, not to cut any of my hairs. Remember that, and none of the great masters of the chisel will be above you!"

Then it seemed as if the breath of a god had revived the almost despondent artist. Inspired by new courage, he jumped up and shouted:

"Yes, goddess, so be it! My actions are the most sublime worship that has been held within the walls of this temple since it was built, and times to come shall worship your heavenly beauty as a goddess!"

And the marble splinters rang off the block like the sound of bells.

Thyrtäos had become an artist again. His creative urge lifted him up again to those bright etheric heights where the nine muses are enthroned without passion, where the dust of the earth is not able to follow him, whose wings are strong enough to lift him to such sunny heights.

Tenth Adventure

How Gallienus Traveled to Salona with Pipara

A dewy fall morning had dawned over Attal's kingdom. Blue-grey mists steamed around bare rocky foreheads and a fresh pine breeze wafted through the rustling forest. The morning was perfect for a cheerful hunter's day's work, and as the sun broke through the morning mist in a golden red, it seemed to call out a fresh and cheerful “Weidmannsheil”. Caesar Gallienus had longed to hunt the king of the Germanic forests, the bear, before he and his bride left for Rome. So the two men, the lord and Pipara, set off for the woods with a large retinue of cheerful huntsmen, accompanied by loud hoiho and the sound of horns. The hunting companions were not allowed to ride far through cultivated land, for a short distance north of Eburodunum the forest was already beginning to fold its fir-green cloak around the landscape. A crystal-clear little river meandered towards the riders, murmuring like a cheerful mermaid's greeting from the solitude of the forest.

“Isn't that the White River, good Pipa?” Gallienus asked his bride, who was riding in a proud canopy next to the emperor.

“Yes, it's the “Weissach”, Pipara replied, ”which we're heading towards here; it mixes its waters with those of the Schwarzache at Eburodunum...”

“On whose banks we so often sat and wove wreaths? How beautiful, how charmingly unforgettable these simple riverside areas are to me. And let us come once to Baiae, sweet Pipa, where the proud cypresses sway in the evening breeze, where the blue Sinns Misenus widens and Hephaestus's arbor[1] glows menacingly over there - that picture will seem poor and empty

[1] Today, the area of Mount Vesuvius and Naples

to me, for here on the banks of the Black River I plucked the first kiss from your little rose-mouth. But Schwarzache[2], Weißache[3], what does that mean? Neither of the two rivers matches the color of its name!"

"Good Galli," replied Pipara with a cheerful look, patting the mighty swan's neck of her stately white horse, "both are holy rivers; one is the river of life, sacred to the good woman Hulda, the other belongs to the terrible Helia, the goddess of death, the princess of the depths. But you, Galli, spoke of Baiae before. Will there not perhaps come a time when you will speak similarly of Eburodunum's regions?"

An affectionate yet serious look from the deep blue eyes. Piparas hung on her bridegroom's eye like an anxious question, then she added timidly, as if explaining:

"Even on the Misenian coast, there in Bajä, under the bluish shade of the cypresses, you kissed there too, you loved there too!"

A shadow flew across the emperor's forehead, it was not a cloud, but in clouds.

"I did not tell you that, Pipa," replied Gallienus slowly, and the wrinkles on his forehead indicated that serious thoughts were occupying his mind. But warming up and casting a tender glance at the beautiful huntress on his left, he called out jokingly:

"These were youthful experiences, fair Pipa, puppet-shows they were!"

Then he held out his hand to his fair bride and sent over a look that said more than a hundred elegies.

But Gallienus sensed that he had an enemy close to him. The letters of Palphurnius Sura, which were found at Galliena and Sabellus, his behavior before Sabaria and his garrulousness here towards Pipara, sealed his fate. At this moment, Gallienus decided to send the "most faithful of all secret scribes" to the African quarries. -- The emperor had not forgotten this plan later, as it had already been announced in the previous aventiure.

The fir became thicker. The stallions laboriously worked their way through the undergrowth. The trunks drew closer and closer together,

[2] Svratka River, Czech

[3] Svitava River, Czech

increasing in height and girth, as if in sombre majesty. Long gray-green bearded moss waved down from the sweeping branches, a symbol of venerable age. The dome halls of the forest arched higher, only now and then a torn blue peeked through the darkness, as if it were shreds of the sky that the wind happened to let flutter in. The murmur of the Weißache becomes more roaring, more roaring, blocks of stone rise up from its bed, the waters of the little river roar foaming over it. But unstoppable by these beauties of the forest sanctuary, the hunting train rides on, deeper, ever deeper into the forest.

At that time, man still had no eye of understanding for these beauties of nature; the times had not yet come for such recognition. This magnificent rocky valley was still regarded as a barren mountain wilderness, just good enough to be the home of the bear, the wolf or the banished; the hunter or fugitive had to be the one who set foot in it. The Roman, too, found no other attraction in this ride than that of curiosity and the chariot; once he wanted to tell in Rome that he had ridden into the heart of the "Luna silva"[4], that he himself had seen the notorious Germanic forests and had killed the mighty bear in them with his own strong fist.

But he, too, lacked the vision to see how bluish-grey rocks were now rising up out of the fir-steep ground, at the foot of which the foaming white water sprayed out in cataracts; he, too, lacked an eye for the enormous beauty of the rocky crags and the forest quarries. The rocky ridges rose out of the gorges more boldly, more jaggedly. Rising above the forest floor, broadly articulated walls rose upwards, illuminated by brilliant glimpses of sunlight, interrupted by violet-colored twilight shadows cast by torn chasms and crevices or by the night-dark mouths of eerie caves.

But further and further, deeper and deeper, the panting foxes penetrate

[4] Today Manhardsberg, actually Mondwald; moon - man, hard - forest. In the mystery language of the Armani, namely the Wuotan priesthood, man and moon are synonymous with Mannus, the son of Tuiskfo (Tuisko) and is the god-man (Pietris, the ancestor of the moon) who descended to earth from the moon and is known to all ancient religions. - A high, holy mystery! - The "Mannhart", in which the origin of the gods and divine humanity was thought to be hidden, was sacred to this Mannus. See Guido-List-Bücherei No. 1, 2, 2A, 3, 4, and 5, as well as the author's "Religion der Ariogermanen", Zurich, Adolf Bürdeckes Verlag.

the lonely forest.

Evening was already beginning to cast its shadows over the rocky valley as the forest thinned out and meadows opened up, in the middle of which a stately farmstead stretched out with many outbuildings, surrounded by ramparts and moats and topped by a huge wooden tower. This was Blansegge, the king's forest castle. But it was no quiet corner of the forest, no Tusculum, as the Romans might have expected; fires glowed, bellows roared and mighty forge hammers roared through the valley. Off to the side, huge charcoal piles smoked and in places the earth was blackened where a charcoal kiln had once glowed.

As the royal procession approached and the king announced his arrival in Blansegge with a bugle salute, the hammers and bellows fell silent and joyful shouts of "Heilo" were heard as the men joyfully cheered the arrival of their master. A pack of heavy hounds and bear-biters came rushing out to greet the master of the hunt in a friendly manner, wagging their tails and whining with joy.

They were followed by the burgrave, and behind the huntsman, blacksmiths and the other castle servants.

"Hail and greetings to you, King, and you royal guests at Blansegge! Here is the Lord of the Willkumm and here is the key to the castle!"

"Greetings to my good Blansegge and greetings to you, Guntahar! Today I offer you a cheerful huntsman's salute, Hoiho, King Petzo is the feud!"

Attal drank the horn he had been offered while still in the saddle and then emptied it and handed the castle keys over to the castle count. Attal then swung off his horse and his entourage did the same. Gallienus, however, hurried to help his bride down from the tent. The two walked arm in arm to the castle, and while the king made preparations for the hunt, Pipara led her Gallienus through the castle courtyard to the forge, Blansegge's greatest curiosity.

Again the hammers roared, again the bellows whooshed, the cooling buckets hissed and the small hammers made a sound like the chatter of children between the serious, weighty words of the grown-ups.

A sooty room took them in. The forge glowed there. Sooty figures, clad

Illustration 7: Entrance to Hugo Cave in Josephstal near Jedowitz in Moravia. Scene depicting bear hunting. From the author's sketchbook. Book 2, Chapter 10, Page 64.

only in apron skins, illuminated in glowing colors by the fire, surrounded by flying sparks, swung their hammers, others held red-hot irons in their tongs and pounded the metal with small hammers. Swords and javelins, plows and sickles, horseshoes and chains, all jumbled together as if there was no order, or so it seemed to those who entered.

An old blacksmith approached; it was Voland. His large blue eyes glowed sparklingly from under his bushy brows, which had grown together. Anyone who did not know him would not have known that such a look could be interpreted as a friendly one.

“Happy greetings, master of masters, from your king's child!” Pipara called joyfully to the old man and held out her hand. The master of all masters grinned with an even friendlier grin that was almost frightening, then he spat into his hand, wiped it neatly on his sooty leather apron, and struck Pipara's hand as hard as if he were wielding his great blacksmith's hammer on a sword to be forged. Then he gazed in amazement at the foreign costume in which his king's child stood before him, as well as at the emperor, who was highly amused by this primitive behavior.

“So this is your bridegroom! Blitz und Blaufeuer, royal lady, now I understand why Hanold was in such a hurry! Wait, girl, I want to do you a favor. Give me some gold and your bridegroom shall give me some too. But then Pipa, you shall bring me another drinking horn full of wine, which you and your bridegroom must each hold with one hand until I have finished. You shall then praise old Voland to me!”

The horn full of wine was brought by the emperor, for one of his pack horses carried a plentiful supply of it; the two betrothed also gave the smith three golden Gauls each. Then they both held the horn with clasped hands. Many a teasing word was exchanged until the blacksmith rumbled and commanded silence.

Now the blacksmith's magic began, similar to that when Voland shoed the king's horse. First, he made a heart out of three Gauls each and struck the rune of the name of the person from whom the coins came into each heart. Thus one heart represented Gallienus, the other Pipara. He then welded these two hearts together again and formed two rings from them. On

each of the rings a human being could be seen in unfinished strokes; carbuncle stones formed the eyes. One of these two artistic creations by the master of all masters was a man, because the legs were visible at the bottom; the other represented a woman, because the abdomen was bell-shaped, suggesting the wrinkled female costume.

When the two rings had been annealed, hammered and cooled again, which was done with a constant murmur of magic formulae, the blacksmith gave the rings to the two, who had to empty the horn they held together at the same time, drinking alternately. The blacksmith had already cooled the rings in the horn during the forging process.

While Gallienus and Pipara took turns drinking, the master of all masters spoke the final formula to his spell:

"Lautere Liebe lobet Lobas leuchtendster Lohn."

["Loud love praises Loba's brightest reward."]

They wanted to thank him, but the blacksmith refused, nor did he accept the offered gold. Only when Pipara spoke to him did Voland agree to accept a few jugs of wine.

Another morning, shortly before daylight, the grazers rode out of the forest castle. Soon after the ride, a narrow, wildly rugged valley opened up; a foaming forest stream roared out of it, rushing into the Weißache like a wildcat on its prey. The herdsmen headed towards this torrent. There they found the trail of Master Petzo. The bear biters were shown the trail. Over stone and ditch, fallen trunks and stunted bushes, the hunt now proceeded silently so as not to allow King Petzo to catch the scent prematurely. For he was not alone. Alongside the bear's broad, heavy track was the longer, narrower track of the female bear; there were also two cubs. The valley grew wider, the rocks rose jaggedly from the increasingly sparse tree growth; this was the dry valley where the hunt for the burgrave had raged a few weeks ago. The bear-biters were still snarling and snuffling as they followed the bear's trail through the game trails and bush breaks, when a mighty rock gate opened up at the end of the valley. The mountain stream[5] roared out of it as a mighty spring. But the bear's trail led deeper into the crevice.

[5] The Punkwa outflow in the Dürren Tal

Now the horses were left behind, for the climbing began on the cracked rocks.

Bear spear in hand, the hunters hoisted themselves from cliff to cliff, over scree and eerily shimmering poisonous herbs. Close to the emperor's side, the golden-robed Pipara leapt and climbed armed with a spear. She swung lightly and gracefully through the bushes or from rock step to rock step. Like Diana the divine herself, she appeared to the happy Gallienus.

Then the foremost scent hound made a sound in a short attack; the bear biters rushing behind struck furiously. An angry growl sounded in reply. The hunters, Gallienus and Pipara among the foremost, rushed to the spot.

Gallienus stood there, transfixed by amazement. Between two huge stone cliffs, a bold rock arch swung over the abyss like a bridge[7].

"By Hercules!" cried the emperor in amazement, "I saw such a rock arch on Caprea's[7] rocky land and I would never have believed that I would find such a wonder of nature here in the land of bears!"

But he had no time to admire, for the hunting call was already sounding:

"Hoiho! Well up, well up, Master Petzo, well up! Come forth, come forth from the hole! Hoiho!"

The barking and growling became fiercer, and howls came from the bush.

"Master Petzo beats the dog and crushes the dog! Hoiho! Come forth, come from the hole! Hoiho!"

Dust swirls up, branches crack and howls mingle with the roar of battle, in which man has not yet taken part, for King Petzo has not yet been forced out of the hole. But he put up a brave fight, for many a good dog had fallen silent. If you want bear paws, you have to put dog heads on them, as the old hunter's saying goes. Then the bear burst forth, raging with the roar of the weather cloud; behind him a pack of hounds. At first he had humbled himself, but now he lifts himself up in anger and makes his stand. The bear-

[6] The Devil's Bridge in the Dürren Tal

[7] Island of Capri

biters attack him with a vengeance. He strikes at the dogs with his forepaws, they stagger back, howling and bleeding, and one of them leaps at his chest, but the bear embraces and crushes him so that he falls silently to the ground, his maw streaming with blood.

Meanwhile Gallienus had lowered his bear spear and leapt at King Petzo with a loud and cheerful "Jo, Ursus!"

Then the mighty ruler of the forest wilderness blinked his angry little eyes, let out a menacing growl, then walked on his hind legs towards the emperor. He swung the spear like a hunter and took the shot.

"Hoiho, Weidmanns Heil!" rang out among the hunting companions, but the cheers soon gave way to cries of fear.

The emperor's spear, struck by a blow of the bear's paw, splintered into the undergrowth, and before Gallienus had even drawn his sword, he sank to the beast's feet, bleeding and wounded. The king of the forest let out a satisfied growl and humbled himself to continue dealing with the defeated enemy.

A wild cry of pain rings through the chasm. Pipara rushes up like a Valkyrie with her curved ger and flying golden hair. She doesn't have time to give a hunting cry, as a hunter would have done, but she swings her shaft like one and tackles the bear with a vengeance. She has already thrust the spear into the bear's body under the right armpit and is pushing after it with the shaft so as not to let the falling forest giant bury the emperor in the fall. The good bear biters stand loyally by her side, intercepting Master Petzo by the tail and chewing him up with snarling teeth. The bear rises angrily into the air, its little eyes twinkling wildly, as the bold huntress tears the spear out of the bear's side and catches it in the throat with a sure-footed thrust above the chest. A growl of pain is heard in the sweaty foam that oozes from the bear's throat as it is struck to death; it beats the air unsteadily with its forepaws. Straining with all her might, the willowy king's daughter pushes the staggering beast back, and the animal falls onto its back, twitching and sweating profusely as it dies. Now Pipara lowers the bear's spear and throws herself into the undergrowth next to Caesar, who is lying there dead or wounded.

The emperor's fall had also been observed by the others, as had Pipara's

desperately courageous act, but only now had they appeared at the scene of the disaster, for the bear and her cubs had also put up a fierce resistance before they fell. The cubs were captured alive. --

But unconcerned about danger or help, Pipara had torn open the unconscious Caesar's clothes and examined his wounds. They were serious injuries, but not life-threatening; the worried woman recognized this at first glance with joyful excitement, for she was well versed in the art of healing wounds. Unlike Walpurgis before Gemellus, she did not need to shout: “No more herbs will grow for him!” No, to her joyful certainty, there were many that would grow to restore her dear “Galli” to health.

While the hunters hurried to fetch water to wash the wounded man's wounds, Pipara had already anointed them to speed up the healing process. Washed and bandaged with wine and water, the bleeding was stopped and first aid administered. Now it was time to bring the unconscious man back to his senses. Quickly collected herbs, soaked in wine and rubbed on Caesar's temples and face, soon caused him to open his eyes and after a few minutes he realized the situation he was in. His eyes were fixed with deep gratitude on his lifesaver and nurse.

Soon a stretcher was made from bear spears and broken branches, onto which the wounded Caesar was lifted and carried away. Pipara walked beside the stretcher, listening to every breath of her wounded groom.

Although King Attal had thought it would be advisable to carry the wounded man to the Eisenstein[8], where the iron smelters and blacksmiths would provide a makeshift shelter, Pipara insisted on taking her dear Galli to Eburodunum. He could easily bear the journey and would have better care there.

They soon reached the horses. After the bears had been loaded onto the pack mule, the procession set off. Even now Pipara refused to mount her tent, despite the Caesar's pleas, and even now she did not leave his bed. After an arduous ride, they reached Eburodunum.

[8] An iron mine that still exists today. Tacitus and Ptolemy already testify to iron production in the land of the Quades. Finds made there indicate that this iron mining site is many thousands of years old.

The emperor's strong nature, supported by Pipara's careful care, had soon caused the wounds to close and heal. Walpurgis had also given her playmate Pipara self-sacrificing help at the emperor's sickbed.

But Walpurgis had become sad and dreamy, and this was noticeable not only to Pipara but even to the emperor.

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Another glorious fall day had fallen over Eburodunum. The recovering emperor was sitting with Pipara and Walpurgis under shady bushes on the banks of the murmuring Schwarzache. They talked about many things: how they would soon have to leave if they did not want to cross the Alpine passes in the deep snow; how difficult it would be for the emperor to say farewell here, where he was allowed to be a man, while in Rome he was bound to the pompous forms, and other such considerations that come to mind before one embarks on a long journey, with the faint idea of saying farewell forever to the clod to which one clings.

Walpurgis was sadder than ever. There were tears in her eyes and she had followed the conversation impassively.

“Tell me, Burgei, what's on your mind? Is it the imminent departure?” Pipara asked sympathetically. ”If you are so sad about it, I don't want to force you to follow me.”

“No, it is not that, good Pipa! Rather, I hope to find in Rome what I lack, the departure of which makes me sad here,” Walpurgis replied with a sigh, then added, as if it were unintentional:

“Tell me, exalted Caesar, where Sura is staying; I never saw him!”

Then the shadow passed over the emperor's forehead again; but now it was a cloud and no longer a little cloud.

“Girl, what have you got to do with him? He's banished to Africa to pound stones with a chain. He's an unfaithful scoundrel!”

Walpurgis had turned pale and was staring at the bearer of this terrible news with stubborn, tearless eyes.

“You spoke to Severius Silvanus in the little garden when my bridegroom saw me for the first time; he was his companion and not Sura!” said Pipara in

Illustration 8: With flowing locks and flying golden hair, Pipara rushes forward like a Valkyrie.
Book 2, Chapter 10, Page 66.

astonishment.

"That's true," Walpurgis replied, almost stunned, "but I loved Sura and he loved me, and we swore to be faithful to each other. That was back then, when I came riding with Skaramunt, the castle earl. Of course you didn't realize that!" With these words, tears fell from Walpurgis' eyes and her heart was filled with unspeakable sorrow.

Then the emperor and Pipara realized what had happened; they both looked at the girl, who was now shaking with violent sobs and crying.

"Good Galli!" Pipara cried pleadingly, "if mercy is possible, give me Sura for my dear Burgei!"

A grateful look from the desolate woman rewarded this intercession. But the emperor remained silent with a serious frown.

"What is his fault?" Pipara asked urgently.

Gallienus then told how Sura had initially served him faithfully and devotedly, but how he had become more overconfident, finally betraying the emperor's secrets in secret letters to his enemies and also indulging in insults against Pipara. This had stirred up the people of Rome and they had taken up a hostile position against Pipara.

Then Walpurgis had dried her eyes and said with dignified calm:

"My good Pipa! The man has deceived me. He who breaks faith with his shield-master is a faithless, dishonorable man; I would never marry such a man! He may knock stones, but I have no more tears for such a derelict of duty! Even without seeking him, Pipa, I will follow you to Rome! You shall see me weep no more; but whether I shall ever laugh..."

Sadly, but tearlessly, she bowed her head. Such high courage, such noble feminine pride astonished the emperor. He was inclined to be lenient; the cloud on his forehead had disappeared. He turned kindly to his bride, took her hand in his and said:

"Good Pipa! I thank you for your life and health! Yes, even more. I thank you for your valor! In future wars I will not shy away from wounds, indeed I will seek them in order to be healed by you! That is why none of your requests are unfulfillable. Are you still asking for Sura now that you know he is your enemy?"

Then Pipara's eyes shone as only the eyes of an overjoyed woman can shine; but she gave this answer:

“Sura was faithful to you until he met me; perhaps he thought he was being faithful to you by tearing me away from you. He is mistaken and could recognize this error - then, Galli, you would have again as faithful a servant as you ever needed. Walpurgis shall then take it upon herself to convert him. What do you think, darling?”

The bride and groom looked questioningly at the gloomy, pensive girl. A ray of hope seemed to enliven her features, a tremendous struggle of the soul made her young breast heave, then she shook her blonde head in resignation and said in a softly trembling voice:

"Pipa, the one who is wrong is you and not Sura! He doesn't hate the golden-curled Pipa, he hates the Germanic woman, the foreigner, the barbarian! He will never reconcile with her! You are too proud to fear such an enemy, and yet it is wise to render him harmless. If only that were so, I would honor him, for as a man he would have stood up for his opinion, as a man he would have borne the consequences of that opinion and his subsequent actions. That would be honorable, would be manly, would be worthy of your intercession! But the same Sura has sworn love for me, the same Sura himself has done what he fights against with his shield lord, therefore he is a scoundrel and not worthy of your intercession, like my love. He would never become your friend, never again a loyal servant of his emperor, he would become his insidious enemy, and therefore he should be deprived of mercy! And do you not know the wise teachings of the Valkyrie, who was enchanted into sleep, which she gave to the sun hero when he woke her up after the ride through the Waberlohe? Did she not tell him this: 'Do not defile yourself with unwise men in the folk-rich Thing; they often speak worse things of you than they really know, and you will immediately be declared a coward, or it will be believed that you have been convicted of the truth. Slay him the next day and repay him for his evil words!”

These words of Walpurgi tipped the scales. Sura stayed in the quarries.

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The day of the emperor's bride's departure had arrived. King Attal had

issued a great invitation to guests from near and far to consecrate the parting drink to the golden-haired royal child who was to ascend the throne of the world empire as ruler. As happy as Pipara felt in the love of her "Galli", the nearness of parting gave her heart a tremendous ache. It is hard to part from the place of childhood, from home and farm, from father, mother and siblings, when it means goodbye.

She gave up certain, visible things for a future that still lay uncertainly before her. Will she find what she hopes for? Will Gallienus remain what he is now and promises to be? But she loves! Following only the course of her heart, those dimly rising questions to fate sink unconsciously back into the nothingness from which they emerged without having gained any definite form beforehand, for she loves.

Many superfluous words were spoken, much more beer and mead and wine drunk, even many a stirring drink was spilled during the hospitality, which had left the happy woman cold.

But when the train was ready to leave, when the muleteers were packed, the heavy wagons were covered with tarpaulins, the escorts were seated in their saddles, and the imperial carriage stood in front of the gulf of the hall, her heart sank into the cushions of her father's high seat, sobbing loudly, and she thought she would die of heartache. Farewell nevermore! Good Frau Hildebirga also walked through the rooms of the castle with wet eyes; they already seemed barren and empty to her. She, too, had to shout "Good-bye" to her child. What a difficult word, goodbye! Then mother and daughter clung to each other, thought they could never part, and together they both shed tears. At last Mrs. Hildebirga led her child to the castle well so that she could draw the renunciation drink with the hollow of her hand and pour the rest backwards over her head, as the old custom demanded.

That had happened too. At last it had to be done. Gallienus lifted his bride into the soft cushions of the carriage, then sat down beside her. A sign from the emperor's hand, and the horses moved off. That was a jolt to the heart, for it tore it away from its native soil.

There was a muffled roar as the wheels rolled over the plank bridge out of Eburodunum and into the open. The tears continued to flow, but finally

dried up when Eburodunum disappeared from the view of those looking back. Then her head sank against her beloved's chest and her pain dissolved into gentle, wistful bliss. She now belonged to her Gallienus, and this thought brought a happy smile to her still tear-stained face; the pain of separation was vanquished, for -- she loved.

But Walpurgis sat beside her friend, serious and dejected; she lacked the soothing consolation of happy love. Hopelessly she moved towards her new home. Poor Walpurgis.

On the second day of the departure, the imperial carriage with its rich and splendid entourage rolled into Carnuntum over Trajan's Bridge. In front of the bridge, King Attal had bid an emotional farewell to his child. The last tears had been shed. Apart from the memory of the departing king's child, only his playmate and a Germanic bodyguard, whom King Attal had wooed for his daughter, accompanied him across the river.

From Carnuntum, however, the imperial train deviated from the southern road, for Gallienus decided to take his bride to Sabaria before she entered Salona. Emperor Valerianus lay there with his army. In the east Venerianus was in the field against the Goths and Jazygians, in the west Aureolus against the Alemanni and mutinous Gauls. King Attalus covered the rear in the north, standing like a wedge between the Alemanni and the Goths. The European part of the empire was thus secured against external enemies. The internal enemies were kept in check by the person of the aged emperor with his quick-witted war force at Sabaria. After thwarting the usurpations of Ingenus and Regillianus, no third party had yet dared to seize the emperor's purple with an impious hand.

Once Caesar's marriage to Gallienus was complete, Caesar wanted to send Valerianus and his army to Asia to wage war on the Parthian king Sapor. There too, as in Africa, the imperial border was to be consolidated in a similar way to the process in Europe.

This was the state of affairs in the empire when Gallienus arrived in Sabaria with his bride Domina Cornelia Salonina and her impressive retinue. In the Hibernum Castrum of Sabaria, the dwelling was prepared for Pipara, while Gallienus had his tent pitched in the camp next to that of his father.

Then the centurion Kadolt came to the tent of Emperor Gallienus and

demanded to be brought before him.

“Exalted Caesar!” he addressed the emperor. "It is bad weather in the approach; I know too little of the circumstances in the empire and in the army to say where the enemy that threatens you is. It is the same, Caesar, as with the weather-cloud; one feels its approach, one knows that the thunderbolts will fly, but one knows not whence and whither. So be warned, Caesar, and if you trust me, leave me near you. I will keep watch, and if such a thunderbolt comes, it shall strike my shield, which I will hold between you, Caesar, and the enemy's projectile at the right moment."

“You are a loyal man, Kadolt,” said the emperor. "I will also accept your proposal. Be henceforth the centurion of my and Domina Salonina’s bodyguard. They are fine fellows and more worthy of you than the band you now lead. Be faithful and skillful, it shall not be your loss."

Kadolt was about to leave when the emperor, suddenly seized by a thought, beckoned him to stay.

“You spoke of enemies surrounding me, Kadolt. You were with the prefect Annius outside Meliodunum, where poor Gemellus' ashes rest. From there you lead to Eburodunum. There one of the Teutonic women, the same one who followed you to Meliodunum, was engaged in deep conversation with one of my entourage. Who had she been talking to? Wasn't it the legate Severius Silvanus? Don't you know him?”

“I can tell you that,” replied Kadolt. "Walpurgis had ridden after us to save you, Caesar, because things were bad enough for you and us at the time. As we sat in the hall before you came in your purple cloak, Severius, Sura, Annius, Venerianus and the others had crowded up to Walpurgis to thank her. Everyone wanted to give her a gift, but she proudly refused. They all left again. Only Sura had wheedled the girl. They then walked a lot together in secret places, and she sighed a lot; but he laughed, of course when she didn't notice."

"And what do you think? Does Sura love the girl?" asked the emperor. “Did he perhaps take her as his wife?” But Kadolt smiled like one who thinks the questioner knows for himself, then he said:

"I feel sorry for the thing. Sura wasn't thinking of kissing her, much less

making her his wife. She believed the slippery tongue and talked a lot. Surely the wrong man only asked her about things that concerned you or your noble bride. You found out about him yourself."

"That's right, my faithful Kadolt. Now then, do you also think the girl is false?"

“No, she is faithful and good!” exclaimed Kadolt with warmth, “also graceful and bold, only inexperienced in the art of disguise.”

The emperor nodded with satisfaction.

“And so you think the girl deserves to be happy?” asked the emperor.

“That is my thought, Caesar, she deserves it for your sake alone.”

“Well, then, I'll make it your duty to watch over the girl to see that she is not ensnared by similar slickers and, should you notice such a thing, bring me safe news.”

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In the Hibernum Castrum, Domina Cornelia Salonina, under the careful direction of Fabula, had unfolded a court in keeping with her present rank. The military prefect of the fort, the quaestor and the magistrates had paid their respects, had been admitted to kiss her hand and had been assured by the princess that she would always be favorably disposed towards the municipium and would give it her full protection against the Germanic immigrants. This was an important promise, for the citizens of the municipality and the immigrant Germanic tribes, who formed the free peasantry, each had their own particular interests, which often clashed. Even then, however, the amicable way was often preferred to the judicial way.

Pipara, however, took such promises seriously. She discussed them with Caesar Gallienus, who approved her proposals and allowed her to carry them out. So she summoned her brother, the sub-king Wilahar and the city prefect Sabarias. They drew up a fixed statute for dealings between the citizens of the municipality and the peasants, regulating market relations and other transactions. It was also stipulated that the sub-king and the city prefect

should form a joint court to which each could call six aldermen. These councillors were to help them decide disputes and administer justice in matters of civil intercourse. The princess also promised to intercede with Caesar Gallienus in all cases.

This concession secured her the love of both Sabaria and the immigrant tribesmen, to the great delight of Caesar Gallienus and the satisfaction of Caesar Valerianus.

The very day after her arrival in Sabaria, she had to make her presentation to Caesar Valerianus.

In a richly gilded state carriage, she drove through the streets of Sabaria with all the pomp of a prince to the camp where the aged emperor was waiting for his adopted daughter in his tent.

There she was received with all honors at the entrance to the camp as she had been in front of the imperial tent. In the vestibule of the tent stood several of the military leaders and great men of the empire, including Severinus Saloninus and Annius Corniculus. These two, like the others, greeted the princess with a bow and a kiss on the hand; only a prefect stood to one side, appearing not to notice that the princess had entered. This had not escaped Domina Cornelia's notice, and she decided to punish the insolent man. This was the prefect Lucius Aelianus, who had been one of the barbarian's fiercest opponents in Rome in front of the golden milestone and in the house of the rich Martianus.

Now one of the imperial doormen stepped forward and called out: "Pipara, daughter of Rex Germanorum, come in! Put your right foot forward when you enter the tent chamber of the Lord of the World!"

A faint smile played around his mouth and a chuckle ran through the circle of proud dignitaries. They scrutinized the “barbarian maiden” with insolent looks and challenging scorn and Annius Corniculus gave signs of displeasure. But without showing her excitement, sensing what depended on this second for her, she stood up proudly and said with calm dignity:

“Slave, go in to your emperor and ask again, you have forgotten your message!”

He wanted to make a cheeky retort. But Domina Cornelia stood proudly

erect in front of him and beckoned him to leave. The doorman, accustomed to obeying, arched his back and wanted to speak, but the princess waved again. Then he pretended to go behind the curtain. Annius was delighted, the other gentlemen were astonished, but the prefect Lucius Aelianus began to feel uneasy. But they all felt that they had underestimated the Germanic king's daughter, both as a princess and as an enemy.

The doorman now came before the princess, bent one knee and said with his head bowed: "Exalted Domina Cornelia Salonina, daughter of our divine emperor Licinius Valerianus semper Augustus! The most unworthy of your slaves asks you to enter. The lord of the world awaits you, princess!"

With the dignified grace she was born with, the princess bustled out of the vestibule into the large hall-like room of the ceremonial tent. Only when the last fold of the princely purple palla, the last flash of jewels had disappeared behind the curtain, did the doorman dare to rise from the floor, and the court dare to breathe more freely again.

Caesar Valerian sat on a comfortable, richly structured throne chair, to his left sat his son and co-emperor Caesar Gallienus on an identical bisellium, awaiting the princess's entrance. Valerian's lively dark eyes rested with friendly benevolence on his son's entering bride, whom he had adopted as a daughter without having known her in order to temper the hatred of the Romans.

The master of ceremonies stood at the entrance, stiff and detached, with the most important official wrinkles on his haughty face, and acted more important than the emperor himself. With her right foot, as the Roman court custom demanded, Domina Cornelia entered the threshold and took three steps forward, then made the first genuflection. After this she took another three steps to the second and finally the last three steps to the third genuflection, with which she had to have arrived in front of the throne in order to enable the emperor to do so sitting down if he wished to raise her. She performed this with such certainty, with such perfect grace, that even the stern master of ceremonies wondered whether he had not been lied to, for it could not possibly be a barbarian.

The emperor's eyes rested with heartfelt pleasure on the woman kneeling

before him. Now he bent down, kissed her on the forehead, lifted her up to him and said:

"Greetings to me, daughter Cornelia! May the first step towards the heart of your fatherly friend bring you happiness, my son blessing and the thousand-year-old Rome peace! Gallienus has told me many beautiful and good things about you, I find them true! Come to the heart of your happy father!"

Cornelia embraced her adoptive father and kissed him, then she spoke, resting her hand in his:

“Divine Augustus! The Germanic princess is proud to be able to call the Emperor of Rome by his paternal name. Accept my pledge of allegiance, my imperial father, from her who will never forget the paternal clemency with which you, imperial father, welcomed her into the bosom of your house.”

The imperial old man had looked at her with a friendly expression during this speech and then spoken to her:

“So be my daughter, Cornelia, as I am and will be your father. Sit at my right hand, the next seat next to the throne is yours.”

Then the master of ceremonies came and placed an identical throne chair for Cornelia next to the emperor's seat. On the emperor's left sat Caesar Gallienus, who had followed the whole ceremony in silence. Now he stood up, embraced his bride and expressed his delight at how they had happily passed today's ceremony.

Then he beckoned the master of ceremonies and ordered all the military leaders and dignitaries to enter the tent hall.

They entered. Caesar Valerianus told the entrants in brief words that he had adopted the daughter of the Marcomannic king Attallus and that she was now to be honored just like any other member of his house.

Then the trumpets blared, the curtains of the tent in front of the throne swished aside and opened up a view of the camp. In a few moments, the army was lined up in front of the imperial tent.

An imperial herald repeated the words of Caesar Valerianus to the army. Stormy cheers rang out from outside.

Caesar Gallienus now stood up.

He briefly informed those present that he had chosen Domina Cornelia Salonina as his wife according to the advice of the gods, who had been consulted in the auspice, and that he would celebrate the marriage with her in Rome, where he intended to depart immediately.

The sound of trumpets silenced the army and the imperial herald announced Caesar Gallienus' speech to the soldiers. This announcement was greeted by thousands of cheers.

Now the master of ceremonies beckoned the gentlemen of the court to kiss the new Domina.

They came one by one, bent one knee before the princess, spoke a few obliging words, which she replied to, whereupon she offered them her hand to kiss. And so it was Lucius Aelianus' turn.

"Lucius Aelianus the Prefect greets you, Exalted One, the future Augusta!"

The prefect spoke these words with obvious emotion. Caesar Valerianus sat gracefully in his bisellium and looked down, but only seemingly, for his habit was to observe when those he wanted to observe least suspected it. Domina Cornelia had evidently not been paying attention to the prefect, for she turned to Caesar Valerianus with the words:

"My venerable imperial father! How happy I am that your illustrious Caesar Gallienus has recovered so well from the severe wound inflicted on him by the bear!"

Caesar Valerianus was well aware of the kneeling prefect and also noticed the trembling of Cornelia's voice, which she was barely able to disguise with a seemingly indifferent speech. He suspected the reason and did not begrudge the prefect his humiliation in front of the whole army, who were able to see into the imperial tent. The emperor replied in a calm, benevolent tone of voice:

"I too was pleased by this news, dear daughter, but I was even more pleased by the fact that you both so unitedly and so bravely defeated the common enemy. This is the reality of the beautiful symbol of the Roman Fasces."

Caesar Gallienus also noticed the humiliation inflicted on the prefect, and although he did not know the cause, he knew only too well that his bride must have a good reason for such behavior.

"Lucius Aelianus the prefect," the kneeling man began again.

"O Licinius Valerianus, my imperial father! How happy your word makes me!"

Cornelia said this with warmth. Now she realized the embarrassment of the master of ceremonies. She thought she had punished the overconfident prefect enough, so she pretended to notice him only now. With a majestically gracious smile, she looked down at the kneeling man and asked him with condescending dignity:

"What do you want, dear man?"

Trembling and pale with rage, he barely managed to utter the words of introduction, whereupon the princess proudly and wordlessly offered him her hand to kiss. He had then visibly hurried to get out of the princess's spell.

After Aelianus, it was Annius' turn. The princess greeted him with warm friendliness and honored him with a lengthy conversation.

Caesar Valerianus had perceived all this with great satisfaction, and especially admired the fine tact with which the future Augusta endeared herself to everyone, and even Annius, the declared friend of her future husband, never forgot that she was the future empress. Moreover, she knew how to combine this with the noblest feminine charm, with the most perfect grace. The stiff master of ceremonies began to rave about the princess and to forget that he had once said how good patrician custom would be lost if an awkward bear were to come to the throne. The performance was over when the herald announced to the army to the sound of tubas that each man would be paid twenty gold pieces by the princess. The paymaster had already received the sum.

The rejoicing was unheard of; as if in triumph, Domina Cornelia returned to the Hibernum Castrum Sabarias; in a storm she had conquered all hearts. And yet the Romans could not forgive her, Lucius Aelianus in the

lead, that she, the barbarian, had seized the imperial purple.

On the same day, the prefect Lucius Aelianus left for Moguntiacum[9] on a special imperial mission. This looked more like an exile than a show of imperial favor.

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While this was happening in the camp, Kadolt, the centurion, stood before Walpurgis in the peristylium of the Hibernum Castrum of Sabaria.

He stood before the fair child, leaning on his long riding sword. He had taken the emperor's word somewhat seriously and guarded the maiden as if he were expecting the a dragon, the lindworm, to steal her away. Walpurgis practiced the art which the Roman dominatrixes understood so well and which consists of doing nothing. Fabula, who held the office of master of ceremonies, had made every effort not only to teach her new mistress and her friend Walpurgis the customs and traditions of the noble women of the eternal city, but also to make them habits. It is easy to learn to do nothing, but a previously unknown evil then finds its way into the mind and is the herald of many consequential evils. And this herald is boredom.

Walpurgis had just yawned terribly when Kadolt came striding towards her and stood in front of her with a broad stance, sword-supported. A pleasant smile played around his mouth as he comfortably twisted his broad yellow beard into two mighty points. He looked like one who was highly amused at having his thirst quenched.

“Well, Burgei? What a happy life with these Romans! That must be the people my aunt told me about when I was still an unwashed boy who liked milk better than beer; a sign of immature stupidity. Yes, she said, it was a land where milk and honey flowed in streams, where the bridges and ships were made of gingerbread and the houses were giant Gugelhupfe. There were no rooms in such houses and anyone who wanted to live in them would have to bite into them like a mouse in a hallway. That would be the only work. But when I came to my senses, I suppressed my longing for this country...”

[9] Mainz

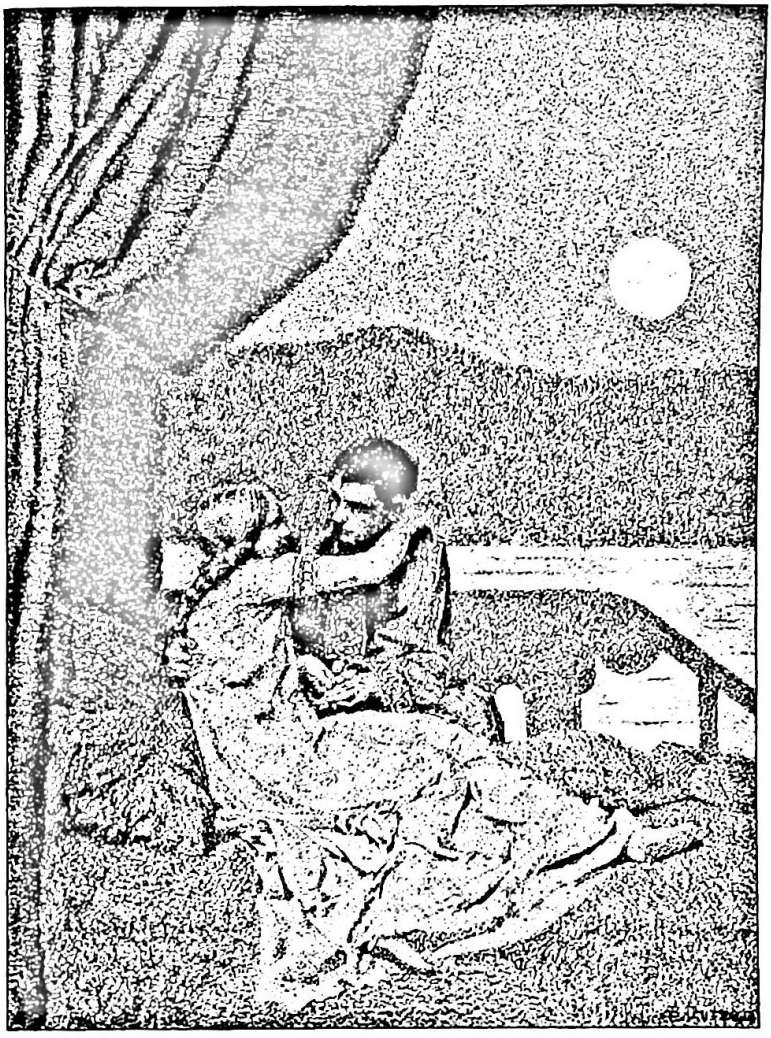

Illustration 9: "Last night, I had a dream; oh, it was terrible!"
Book 2, Chapter 10, Page 88.

"And why is that, most courageous of all quads?" asked the girl, delighted to have found someone brave to help fight the terrible boredom. But Kadolt acted angry:

"By horse's hoof and saddle pommel! Girl, since when do quads carry riding swords! I am a Markoman! Are you blind?"

"Forgive me, newly baked Markoman!" Walpurgis laughed wantonly. "It was still unknown to me that a bear could turn into a horse."

But Kadolt had already sniffed at the Roman custom, so he didn't get excited. He also understood the image. Walpurgis had used the bear to mean Donar, the god of the peasants or Quads, and the horse to mean Wuotan, the god of the Marcomanni. So he smiled back:

"That is quite possible in the time of miracles; after all, you too have become a shining butterfly from such a caterpillar!"

Walpurgis had not expected that Kadolt, too, had refined himself without Fabula's education; she almost regretted her word. To make up for what she had done, she asked the fierce swordsman:

"And why, you prize of all Marcomanni, have you suppressed the desire in you to visit Wonderland, where the houses of Gugelhupf are?"

"Yes, that's what I did when the irrationality had left me, when I realized that beer was a noble drink and milk a wretched children's drink, but honey was only made for women. I also prefer a juicy horse thigh to a building made of Gugelhupf. And if you don't catch a newly baked house, you might break all your teeth on it! I don't like the new-baked Gugelhupf, but the old-baked one shall stay three times as far from my body as an old moss lady. Now you know why I did not seek the land."

Kadolt stroked his beard with great satisfaction, then continued, a subtle smile playing around his lips:

"If I were the emperor, I would order you women to do something useful. That would be good for boredom and would be of unusual benefit to the state!"

A mocking smile slipped around Walpurgis' lips as she said to Kadolt, stretching comfortably in the soft cushions of her chair:

"And that would be, wisest of do-gooders?"

“You should spin, spin, girl, spin!”

“That's what the Egyptian and Germanic women do for the Roman dominatrixes, Fabula told us; it makes our hands awkward and plump, she said.”

“And yet! You shall spin, spin!”

“To what end?”

“To twist ropes from it, ropes, Roma suffers hardship, bitter hardship! So spin and twist ropes?”

“For what ropes and for whom?”

“To hang all the superfluous scoundrels on it, who wiggle around in front of a righteous sword-wielder's legs and drink away his best wines so that only the sour ones remain. By Horsehooves and Saddle Pommels’, I go wild when such thoughts occur to me!”

The girl smiled, folded both hands, raised them above her head and let them rest in her clasped hands as if in a pillow, then she laughed:

“How cruel you are! You can hardly imagine how pleasant it is to be served by slave girls, to lose the calluses in your hands, to eat good food and leave it to others to burn their fingers on the spit! But who, by all Wuotan’s birds, would you like to hang?”

“Oh, there are so many of them! I know such a beardless chatterbox, swoops into the country like a vulture, makes a pass at an otherwise sensible girl, says the word love five times, which is enough to make this otherwise sensible girl fall in love with the flathead. It doesn't even occur to the girl to think about whether this fellow really means it. He takes her out, she blurts out all the secrets, then he dumps her and laughs at her. But she cries and whines and pretends to be as unhappy as Freya, when the dwarves killed Hermuth. Should not such a little creature be lifted up by a rope until his blasphemous tongue is so thorny that it can be broken like a dry branch?”

“And who do you mean?” asked the girl, as if she knew the answer in advance.

“Many, very many! But a certain Palphurnius Sura is among them! Really! The Romans must be short of ropes!” said Kadolt; he wanted to make

fun, but he could not. Walpurgis, too, had become serious; she was close to tears. She looked in amazement at the Marcomanni, who was still leaning on his sword and looking like a castle besieger pondering how best to take the stronghold by surprise.

At last he started again:

"Girl, are you too brain-sore and crying for the beardless one? Grant him the happiness of roasting down there by the stone-knocking! Weep rather that he was not hanged, that the Hangatyr was cheated of one of his most worthy sacrifices! Rather console yourself, think you were wrong about him! Shave off, stone-knocker, you must think and look around you with joy. There you will see many a sturdy man who is worthy of you; don't take long to look, girl!"

Walpurgis' eyes widened, but she pretended not to understand what Kadolt meant. But he was not brain-sore. He had thought to himself that a castle must often be burned; starvation is also often of great benefit in castle building. Well, do that Kadolt and starve the girl. Thought done. He threw his riding sword around, rattling, and said to Walpurgis, already half-striding away:

"So do, maiden, as you think wise. Weep for Sura until you are as old and barky as the evil mandrake of the Osterau. Sura will thank you for it!"

"Go, Markomanne, and console the jug of wine that you have drunk empty!" said the girl, looking not too unkindly after the rattling departee.

Kadolt had made up his mind not to give up the raised siege and to try starvation for the time being. That's why he didn't look back at the girl, but strode out through the tablinum into the vestibule, where the guardroom was located, looking serious but a little heavy with wine. There he wanted to talk more about what he had just experienced with the jug of wine.

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The road that had previously led through the dense, rustling oak forest descended, past proud rocky peaks that towered into the clouds. These were prouder mountains than those around Eburodunum. Here and there the

view opened up to shining silver glaciers that still stood far to the west, but showed the traveling princess that the world did not look the same everywhere. Then the forest receded and the road descended in many twists and turns. Down below, however, a blue mirror shone upwards, wide, long, broad and endless. - This was the blue Adriatic. The first sight of the vast sea had a shattering effect on Cornelia's naive mind. She thought she was at the end of the world. She did not want to understand that there was still land with rich cities over the blue water. For if it there were, one would have to see it, because there are no mountains in front of it. But now the blue sky stands out over the water like the arch of an oven; - there is nothing beyond it.

The train of passengers pulled into the old Tergeste[10]. The large, stately trireme that was to carry Domina Cornelia Salonina to her chamber estate Salona was also moored there. The hull was painted purple and decorated with rich gilding, as were the masts and yards. The sails were cut from purple silk. A giant gilded female figure, the divine Roma, shone at the front of the galleon.

A magnificent imperial tent made of gold brocade had been erected on the rear deck, under which stood rich chairs covered with swelling cushions. All the cargo was on board the same day. The ship set sail.

It was a pleasurable voyage for the Germanic princess. She had heard many a tale of the heroic Viking voyages on the spinning evenings, which had tended to spoil her sea voyage, but she fought down such anxious feelings with heroic courage. She had heard tales of the magnetic mountain Aggstein, which drained the iron from the ships and caused them to sink, of the griffins that lived on it and fed on the flesh of the plundered, and she also dreaded the sea serpent. This serpent lay in the sea and was coiled around the whole earth and had its own tail in its throat. Woe to the vessel that catches sight of it! It rises from the waters and devours the ship, man and mouse alike. She was also terrified of the ghost ship, the mermen and other wonders

[10] Trieste

of the sea. For the land child, the sea had something incomprehensibly frightening and yet mysteriously attractive.

So she sat with her fiancé in the purple cushions of the ceremonial tent. The sun dipped glowingly behind the rocky mountains of Histria, its forest-covered crests flooded with the brightest golden glow. Like a proud queen, the stately ship rushed through the Sinum Tergestinum, past rich cities with proud towers and massive, column-bearing temples, past Aegida and the Pyrrhamic promontory, past Sepomagum and Aemonia, past Parentium and Ursaria.

Then the last rays of sun disappeared, the last glimmer of twilight was gone. The shimmering stars shone down from the dark canopy of the sky and reflected their image in the sea. Now the full red disk of the moon slowly rose out of the seemingly endless tide. The crests of the waves reddened and sprayed the reddish lights against the sides of the beautifully beaked seagoing ship, whose oars shone fabulously in their gilding up on deck. Between them, the little stars danced in the waves, as if they had descended to bathe in the melodious, rushing tide. But above them arched a starry sky, large, wide and high, so large, so high, as the admiring Germanic king's child had never seen it before.

At such a sight, pedants have already become poets, as only the receptive soul of a happily loving bride can. Resting her head on the emperor's broad chest, she looked up with moist eyes at the one who was the sun of her love.

"Beloved! Nothing is as sweet as love, but nothing is as bitter as this! One cherishes love timidly and tremblingly and fears that it will sink, burn out, just as the sun sank there! The moon comes up and seeks the fled sun of love! My sweet Galli! How I fear to look for you like that one day!"

"Dear one, what do you think? I have never feared the eyes of other women since the day I saw yours, before my senses faded. There, my Pipa, where my spear broke and you stood by me to protect me from the bear, there, in our mutual need, there our souls merged!"

"My dear, how happy, how happy your word makes me! And yet, how I fear the future! Last night, I let myself dream it; oh, it was terrible!"

And Cornelia cuddled up to her betrothed almost fearfully.

"And what do the dreams say, my love?" Gallienus asked in a soft voice.

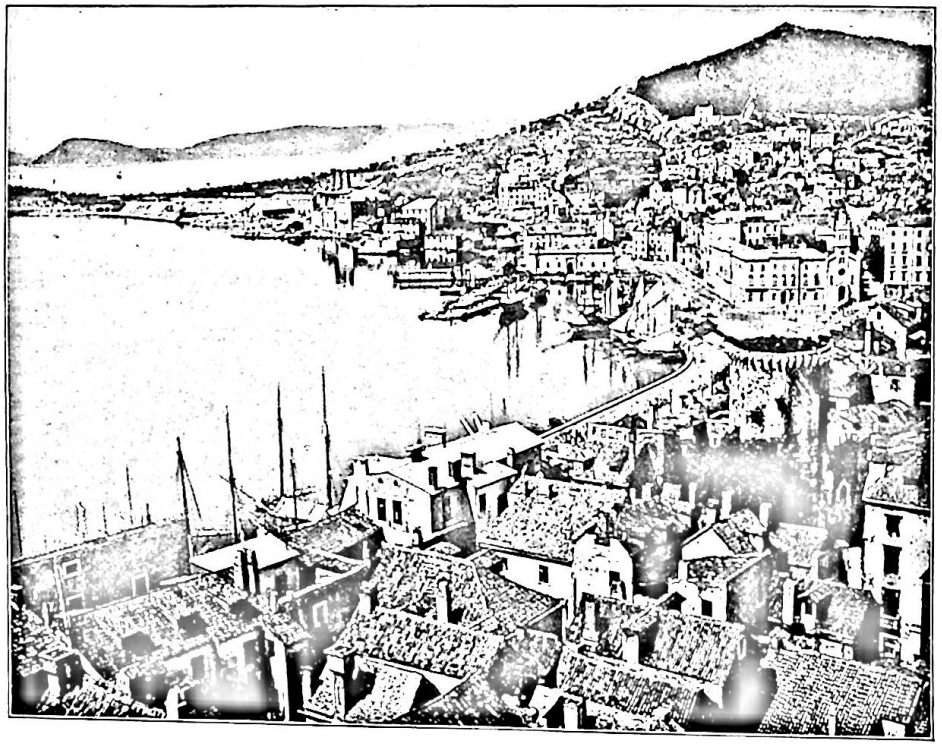

Illustration 10: Spalato in Dalmatia, Austria's Riviera. Reproduced with permission from Dr. Hermann Haaß in Berlin. Book 2, Chapter 10, Page 93.

“Dreams are often deceptive, but tell me! Perhaps they are sent as a warning from the gods?”

"You must know this, my only beloved, that the three counselors of the place of salvation of the Spielberg once sang to me in my cradle that I was destined for a brilliant fate, that my fame would rise to the stars. But you do not yet know that the third, the evil one of the three, tore apart this glittering destiny for me with evil counsel. But that came to pass: I was born before my brothers, and that grieved my father, who hoped for an heir to the throne; but my good mother had clung to me with more love, which my father only showed me twice as much when Gebhold was born to him. I only found out later. It had taken a long time to give me my name and it was only after much pleading from my good mother that the naming was royally carried out. A large invitation was announced and soon the hall was too small to hold the guests. Then the three salvation counselors came to sing my fate to me. You know what Hechsa and Truda sang. When Wala was to sing, my mother trembled, and this tremor caused her to throw a full jug of mead at her feet, which fell to pieces. This enraged the Black Norn all the more, as the splinters cut her wound, which bled profusely. And then she cursed me with evil advice of doom; everything her two sisters had sung to me should come true, I should rise to the highest power, be more brilliant than the sun, but then sink into smoke and fumes and nothingness, and all the splendor should only cause me heartache for all my days. That always tormented me with worries. The forgetfulness potion prepared by the good woman at the sacred fountain of youth in Eburodunum did not help. The potion was artfully prepared with strong magic, from the power of the earth, the salt of the sea and the atoning blood of the pine tree. All this was then boiled with pig's liver under a waning moon, and I drank it under such a moon. It all did no good. The evil norn's foul advice kept ringing in my ears, so that I forgot to laugh for a long time!"

Then the emperor's bride paused with a heavy sigh and snuggled closer to her fiancé. A short, anxious silence followed. The rudders rushed to the beat, the ship swayed softly. The moon had risen higher and gained its pale silver color. In a pale flicker, the rocky forest mountains passed by on the

left.

“How could you have heard the black norn's advice of doom, you who lay in the cradle?” the emperor asked in a self-conscious voice. He, too, was a child of his time, who thought differently about dreams and the like than people dare to talk about them in our day; for some people still think the way they did two millennia ago, only they don't admit it.

Cornelia replied, shivering softly:

"That's a lie, Galli. But I heard it later, when my mother once complained about it to my father. Then I gave a cry and sank down as if dead. Then the great melancholy came over me, and it has never left me since. And so it has remained; all my beautiful days of girlhood were clouded by it. It was only in my bridal state that the happiness of love worked better than the oblivion potion, for I became happier than ever before and completely forgot the evil counsel of doom. It was only yesterday's dream that placed it menacingly before my soul like a spectre. It was terrible, horrible..."

Again there was a pause. The oars creaked to the sound of the sea, moon silver glided over the playing waves. Cornelia started again:

"Then I dreamed that I had the gift of flight, but still I lacked wings. I took to the skies, the land beneath me faded away. An eagle flew with me and it was you. We both shone in our own bright brilliance, as if we were suns. Our homeland disappeared below us, the mountains rose higher and higher, at last they rose up through the forest, bare peaks, but they rose even higher, until ice and snow covered them, like hoary gray headdresses. Then I was so happy at your side. Again the mountains lowered, they became greener and more blooming than before, and lowered again. But now the Norn's spell fell like a nightmare on my chest. And already thirty-two vultures were fluttering around our joint flight. Two were soon defeated. But a desperate battle began with the thirty. Most of them fell under your brave resistance. We flew on and on, and there came a mighty golden city, larger than the land you can see from Eburodunum's hill. But the battle continued, and - oh horror - you succumbed. We both fell onto a common pyre, its flames folding their fiery mantle around us. I opened my eyes in horror as

the morning sun was just rising, its brilliant glow blinding me painfully. That was when I woke up. It was a terribly frightening dream!"

Cornelia had thrown herself against her lover's chest, seeking help, like a forest vine climbing up the strong oak trunk. Gallienus gently stroked the golden curls from her forehead, which he kissed. Then he said:

"How you may be clouded by this! Where the gods warn us through your dreaming! How I thank thee for our salvation by this warning! So thirty vultures are still alive: two have been overcome. Ingenus and Regillianus are dead! So thirty more! We have enough cages for such poultry! So thirty! Thank you, Pipa, for this second rescue!"

The lovers sat in silence under the tent for some time. Then Gallienus rose and reminded his bride not to forget to sleep.

She then went down to the interior of the ship with her wives. The emperor measured the deck with long strides. "Thirty then! By Jupiter Ultor, that's not too few!"

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After a three-day voyage, the sun had risen again gloriously; it shone over the Sinus Manius. Many islands lay spread out in front of the ship. The trireme glided between the islands of Olyntha and Brattia, and another world rose out of the blue for Cornelia. The Jizera Mountains rose out of the sea in magnificent rock formations, fanned out by palm and pine trees, surrounded by lush olive groves and vineyards. And Salona shone in the golden morning rays against this imposing terraced structure. The marble palace, owned by Domina Salonina, peeked out from behind ancient cypress trees. Leaning her head on her fiancé's shoulder, Cornelia gazed at the beautiful picture with silent delight. The anchors sank to the bottom with a clatter.

Eleventh Adventure

How Gallienus and Pipara Married Rome

It is easier to fight victorious battles, easier to conquer nation-building provinces, than to satisfy the vanity and boastfulness of the Romans! Caesar Gallienus had spoken these words when his confidants reported to him on the mood of the Romans. It had been the duty of these confidants to convince the Romans in a variety of roundabout ways that Domina Cornelia Salonina was a relative of the imperial family, while the barbarian Pipara was merely a temporary love interest of the emperor. Initially, this rumor met with resistance. However, when Caesar's severity was applied to a few loudmouths, they were satisfied and the opposition died down. Now Roman statesmanship began to apply the tried and tested household remedies of its state pharmacy to appease the ever-hungry, dear and good Quirites. The people of Rome were to have their “Panem et Circenses”, their “bread and circuses”.

Public feasts, where whole oxen turned on spits, fountains were erected to give wine, and bread was distributed to anyone who wanted it - the atmosphere became warmer, the people of Rome had reason enough to believe that Cornelia and Pipara were two completely different beings. But when festively adorned mimes and buffoons, brilliantly armed gladiators in pompous processions paraded through the streets of the eternal Roma, cheers rang through the city and a feverish festive mood swept even the patricians away.

The people cheered and had thus ceased to be dangerous. The never-absent appeasement “Panem et Circenses” had done its duty again this time.

The time had come that seemed favorable for the marriage. Caesar

Valerianus himself collected his adopted daughter from Salona and led her to Rome with the highest Caesarian pomp.

Caesar Gallienus marched to meet his bride in the same pompous manner and solemnly caught up with her in Rome through the Via Triumphalis. On the day of the entry, which was also the day of the wedding, each of the Quirites received as many gold pieces as the number of heads in his family. Domina Cornelia had offered this to the people of Rome and was therefore greeted with loud cheers wherever the people saw her. The patricians also seemed reconciled, for on the occasion of these days of joy in the imperial family they outdid themselves in decorating the streets and their palaces, in public donations and endowments. The Quirite had many a good day.

***

In the hubbub of these high festive seasons, the castle besieger, the good Kadolt, had an uneasy task. Since the start of the siege of Walpurgis' virgin heart, in the perstylium of Sabaria's government palace, there had been little rest in order to gain glory under Freya's army. Today Sabaria, tomorrow Peturia, then Celeja, Aemona, Tergeste![1] That was too much for an honest, marcomannized Quaden who had other things to do than just love. He first had to try out the customary drinkable substance everywhere. That was no easy task. As soon as the throat had time to think about which drop was cheaper, it was time to move on again! Many an unpleasant word was uttered into the quickly emptied tankard, because of the drudgery of the service. It wouldn't have been bad on the trireme. Sailing along so effortlessly without horse sweat and road dust would otherwise have been quite enjoyable, if only the wine had not flowed so sparingly and been so warm to boot. He vowed dearly that he would never go to the Vikings, because the coolness of the

[1] According to today's itinerary: Steinamanger, Pettau, Cilli, Ljubljana, Trieste. - Salona, today a village belonging to the municipality of Spalato in Dalmatia. The old Salona was destroyed by the Avars in 639. [Today, Split, Croatia].

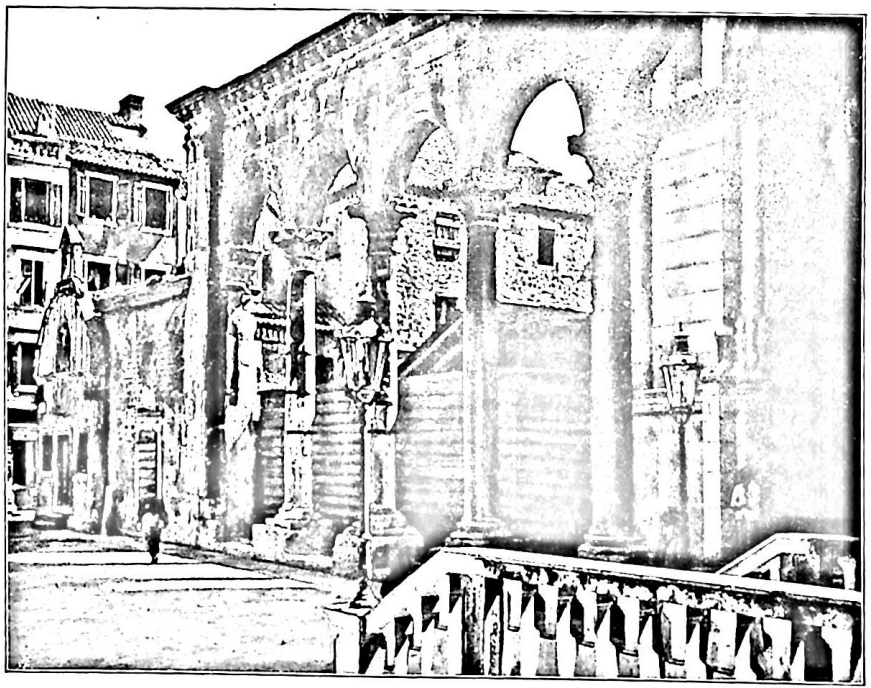

Illustration 11: Split, remains of Diocletian's Palace. Reproduced with permission from Dr. Hermann Haaß in Berlin.
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cellar was strange to them on the boards of the dragon ships. Nor was it particularly pleasant that he remained separated from the maidens in the ship. They were safe here; if they were attacked by a sea miracle, there would be time enough to call him. The boatswain had told him this with a laugh and also explained the reason why they needed less to drink at sea. The reason was that he would be unsteady on his feet on the ship even without a drink of wine, which is why drinking was useless here. So Kadolt had given the man some advice and had gone forward bravely. But since he lacked the right sea legs, it almost seemed to him that the boatman was not so very wrong. He had hoped for more in Salona, but things were no better there, and so he sat in Rome without having had any further contact with Walpurgis.

That was more than misfortune. A thoughtful mood had taken hold of him and placed him in front of an old stone jug. It was big-bellied and not empty.

He had just been seriously considering how starving a fortress was actually the most boring thing an honest horseman could do. He twirled his yellow beard into two tips, announcing his adventures, and raised the stone jug to his mouth with understanding. He had not yet finished his drink when an uneasy thought crossed his mind, causing his face to stretch considerably. One might have thought that the contents of the jug had suddenly turned into unworthy vinegar. But that was not the case. Now he breathed a sigh of relief and took comfort from his stone friend. The fact that there were castles that were immune to starvation, in which unpleasant case the besieger would be starved by the besieged, had occurred to him and had touched his mind uneasily.

“By horse's hoof and saddle pommel, that would be too stupid!” Kadolt had suddenly shouted and struck the table with his fist so that the stone jug cracked open as if he had been startled. Kadolt was sorry; he wanted to calm the frightened man down and began a confidential conversation with him:

"By Horseshead and Horserun! Tell me, old stone jug, faithful friend, what shall I do with the maiden who mocks me so?"

So he lifted up the old stone jug caressingly, and drank and asked, and

asked and drank. The jug was indeed sensible; it gave the wine as much comfort as it could. But in matters of love he gave no advice. That made Kadolt grim. He stared menacingly at the silent, empty man:

"By Horseshoes and Saddlebow! I should destroy you, you..."

He jumped up noisily and punched the stone jug:

“Take that for failed advice!” he shouted grimly. The jug staggered happily, as if to say:

“Drink on, come time, come advice!”

That made sense to Kadolt, and he went to fill the jug again.

***

In the splendid chambers now occupied by Domina Cornelia Salonina, the unclouded happiness of a young marriage made with the heart prevailed. After the tiring festivities, after the many receptions of deputies from the individual provinces and cities or the estates and corporations, the young couple were finally alone and could live for themselves and their happiness.

But this beautiful happiness was not granted to both of them for long, for Gallienus stood at the head of a great empire that was ailing in all its limbs; there were many worries that could not be kissed away by the most blessed love. And Cornelia was an honest woman; she was not only the plaything, but also the advisor of her beloved Gallienus. So it was that he read the incoming letters from the provinces with her and, armed with her advice, went before his councillors.

One day, the young empress and the two emperors were sitting together in one of the chambers. Caesar Valerian in front of the inevitable bowl of fruit.

"Bad news has arrived," Caesar Valerian said. "Bad weather is rising in the east. How long your young luck lasts; Gallienus will have to go into the field, Cornelia." The old prince said this and played with the fruit as usual. Cornelia turned pale and cast a quick glance at her husband, but then she said calmly:

"Imperial father! I know that my husband is a master of men! I have grown up under the bugle roar and know what duty and honor are! He shall draw glory and honor; no plea, no tear shall hold him. I am empress, and

with high courage I must shine before other women, whose husbands and sons go with my husband."

Caesar Gallienus met his Cornelia with a look of radiant gratitude, and despite her courageous words she could not conceal a slight tremor. But she held out steadfastly; none of her eyelashes twitched or moistened. Caesar Valerian calmly peeled a fragrant apple. Then he said calmly:

"The Sassanid Sapor, the Parthian king, has invaded Mesopotamia; the procurator of the province of Asia, Odenatus in Tadmor, is very casual in his national defense. Odenatus' wife, the proud Zenobia, now boasts more than ever of her descent from Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. It seems that Odenatus wants to establish an independent kingdom under Sapor's protection and become a traitor to Rome. The Occident is quiet and easy for an old man to rule, but the Orient requires a young force. Therefore, my son, prepare the troops against the Parthians and the traitor Odenatus!"

Valerian had said this with his usual calmness, but kept a sharp eye on the newlyweds over the fruit. Cornelia remained composed, but she could hardly conceal her anxious excitement at the imminent separation. Nevertheless, her father recognized from her firm nature that she would not be unfaithful to her word. With a firm voice she said:

"That is certain, beloved father. I am also used to the old father tending the castle while his son is away on a journey."

But Gallienus was different; he too was pale, but he did not give in to his father's words so easily, he said: "My father, your proposal is good. Sapor and Odenatus must feel Rome's strength. But the Occident is not as calm as you think. The Goth is still standing in Achaia, despite the many victories of our generals, just as the Alemanni are still raging with impunity in Hiberia and Gaul. But it should be easier for me to deal with King Attalus than you. So I don't know whether the Occident is too quiet a Tusculum..."

But Cornelia quickly interrupted her husband:

"Galli! Are you trying to force me to be ashamed of you? What would my father say if he found out you were sitting in a soft chair in Rome while your old father is riding under shields against your enemies! Don't let me even imagine the shame, Galli!"

Valerianus busied himself incessantly with the fruit. Caesar Gallienus looked over in amazement at his young wife, who was standing there with a flushed face like one of the Valkyries of her native heaven of the gods. With a trembling voice he called out: "Pipa! How dare you ask me to leave! To call me gone now? Was your love so short-lived?" He rushed towards her with long strides and buried his head in her lap, weeping. Cornelia's bosom heaved high, and her anxious gaze wandered over to Caesar Valerian as if seeking help, while she let her slender fingers glide gently through Gallienus' curls. Caesar Valerianus had apparently paid no attention to any of this, for a juicy dark blue fig occupied his full attention. By then Cornelia had fought down the deep pain and said in a softly trembling voice: "Do I love you? Ask the bear whose skin lies there! I would not love you, Galli, if I wept to make the inevitable parting more difficult for you! I am a Germanic princess and now a Roman empress; as such I have learned to command myself first. He who can do this can also rule others, can rule nations!"

“And don't you think that our parting may be a parting for ever?” said Gallienus in deepest pain, looking up at her with tear-filled eyes.

"No, neither Germanic battle warriors nor Germanic women think of that. They know themselves and their wives are immortal, they know themselves united, reborn in their children, for in the child they live again and so on until the last of the battles, when the earth sinks."

Then Gallienus raised his head. A glimmer of transfiguration shone around his face; he smiled hopefully through his tears, and jubilantly jumped up, embraced his dear Pipara and cried:

"So I can believe in this rebirth, Pipa? And there, there should I leave you?"

"Right there, because I will be proud to tell your first-born that he saw the light of day when his father was proclaimed emperor by the army for so many times! A laurel wreath shall be his birthmark, as a mark of honor for the future ruler of the world!"

Gallienus sank to his dear wife's breast.

“I have considered your advice, Gallienus,” said Valerianus. “From Rome, you will conquer the Occident; I want to conquer the Orient from Tadmor and triumph as Mars Altor in Babylonia.” This shook Gallienus, but

frightened Cornelia.

“No!” cried Gallienus, hurrying towards his father, "no, just not now! I'm sailing to Asia, my Pipa has taught me heroism and immortality! I would not bear the humiliation of being mocked for a coward. I'm going to Tadmor and from there to Susat and Babylonia. You, father, take care of Rome, my sweet Pipa! And I will not return home without wounds, for it is sweet to feel the wounds bound by the hand of love, to feel the wounds sucked by the little mouth that kisses us!"

Cornelia also urged the aged emperor to change his will. But Valerianus smiled benevolently, plucked a large bunch of grapes and said:

"Dear children! Both my and Gallienus' beginning is full of danger. Over there and over here we have to fight terrible battles with open and secret enemies. It is also well known how quickly the emperors in Rome changed until I came to the throne. Others want to do the same and are waiting for the opportunity to oust me from the throne. That is why I appointed you co-emperor and your son shall succeed you. I want to found a family of Caesars like Divus Julius Caesar did. Therefore you must remain in Rome to further my building. If you succumb in Asia, my young dynasty will be overthrown; if I succumb, it will continue to flourish and you and your descendants will be my avengers. According to the teachings of my daughter Cornelia, I am immortal, because I have both of you and now also hope for grandchildren!"

Valerian remained silent. These were reasons that could not be fought against. But Gallienus said:

“If that is the case, father, tell me whether you have any definite signs of danger from which side?”

Valerian laughed and said:

“Son, danger threatens from all those of the rank of legate and above.”

Then Gallienus and Cornelia turned pale, for they remembered the dream of the thirty-two vultures.

The army of Emperor Valerianus gathered for the Parthian War. It was a

proud force. The military display was held with splendid pomp on the Campus Vaticanus, then the march to Ostia began, where the soldiers were embarked in spacious transport ships. The same trireme that led Cornelia to Salona now took the emperor on board to carry him off to Caesarea in Syria.

There was an emotional farewell. Even though Cornelia shed hot tears, she knew what duties forced her adoptive father to leave with the army, for only his presence with the army prevented the soldiers from proclaiming the next best of the legates emperor. Cornelia knew this, and so she did her best to overcome the pain of separation. Valerianus was also moved, but he hid this emotion behind the equanimity he always displayed.

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In the temple courtyard at Sicca, the artist Thyrtäos worked diligently on a statue of Venus. In front of the dark curtain, the beautiful Galliena stood without a change of clothes as a living Venus. The sculptor stood in front of his marble block with a rapt gaze that radiated great enthusiasm for his art. Like a pale ghost, the divine image rose from the dark palm green, for it was still shapeless, hewn only from the raw mold. The incomparable soft curves of the divine forms were still missing, the swelling breasts were still replaced by shapeless lumps of white stone, the kissable lips by splintery marble.

The chisel strokes rang out as if the stone were singing a song of joy that it had been granted the privilege of forming itself into a goddess, then it screeched and crunched under the rasp, as if tormented by the thought that it was not yet resplendent in its divine perfection.

Then, exhausted, the lady lowered her raised arm. “Let me rest, Thyrtäos; I can no longer stand!” Wearily, she sank into the cushions. Mallet and chisel clanged down into the marble splinters. Thyrtäos had quickly jumped to the side of the resting woman and, kneeling down, offered her a cup of sparkling wine. With an ardent look full of hot desire, she took the cup and whispered in a trembling voice:

“What is Bacchus to me in the temple of Venus, what is wine without the delicately scented rose of the goddess?”

“Goddess!” cried the artist in surprise, "just as Paris once offered the apple to the heavenly one herself, let me offer you the Bacchic cup, you humanized Venus! Never did I hope for such divine happiness - !"

Illustration 12: Spalato, Diocletian's Palace. Columns of the Temple of Jupiter; now the cathedral. Reproduced with permission from Dr. Hermann Haaß in Berlin.
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The fans of the palm trees swayed gently and a soft breeze flooded the closely entwined couple with the scents of jasmine and roses.

Then a wild clamor and the rattling of weapons rang out in the palm court surrounded by columns.

The lovers had not yet sensed the danger when a band of legionaries and Libyans entered, led by Celsus.

"Ho, Caesar Celsus Augustus! Ho to the emperor Celsus, Ho!" the cry rang out.

Galliena had quickly seized Venus' purple cloak and wrapped herself in it. But Celsus had sewn it on her with threatening gestures.

"Why does the most unworthy of Venus' consecrated need the purple of the goddess? Give it to me! The imperial dress no longer befits you! I am emperor! Remember that, Galliena, I have appointed you to a different priesthood!"

With that he tore the cloak from the wrathful woman's body to wrap himself in it, as there was no other purple available.

“Seize the harlot, let her be yours, let the jackal and the hyena quarrel over her corpse!”

Galliena turned pale, a tremor ran through her unveiled limbs, her eyes grew large and wide from their sockets - a picture of the Gorgon!

Frightened, Celsus backed away from the wrathful woman, the soldiers dared not approach her. Then she had clenched her fist and leapt wildly in front of the terror-stricken star. Like a bolt of lightning, the princess's white fist struck the rebel between the eyes, sending him crashing to the ground like a felled bull. Then she had quickly torn the cloak from the bloodied man's body, folded it around her shoulders and stepped in front of the soldiers. Trembling cowardly, they tried to get away.

“Stand!” thundered the princess to them. "By the eternal Roma! Is this your sworn loyalty to the emperors? I am here in the emperor's place! Everyone on your knees and renew your oath, if you want to go unpunished!"

Off to the side, the sculptor stood ready to defend the princess with a curved mallet; there was not yet time for him to speak a word for Galliena,

to strike a blow. But Galliena had rewarded his will with a grateful look.

Then the humiliated legionaries staggered before the princess in the cloak of the goddess, threw themselves on their knees and begged for mercy, laying their weapons in the marble dust before her.

"Renew the oath!" cried the determined woman in an authoritative voice.

Then the soldiers swore anew. The princess returned each soldier's weapon with her own hands and promised to pay five gold pieces to those who were in the temple courtyard and one to the others. A stormy cheer broke out. The soldiers impetuously lifted the princess onto their shoulders and enthusiastically renewed the oath of allegiance. The chariot of Venus soon arrived. Venus' priestesses, clad in thin veils, pulled it; soldiers behind, others closed the procession.

They left the temple of Venus as if in triumph. They dragged Celsus, who had been slain by Galliena, in the dust before the triumphant woman. When they reached the praetorium, the furious soldiers cut Celsus' body into pieces and threw it over the city wall.

The next night, jackals and hyenas quarrelled over the body of the usurper.

The uprising was quelled. Vibius Passienus, the African proconsul, and Fabius Pomponianus, the prefect of the Gentes Libyanorum, quickly arrived in Sicca to sit in judgment of Caius Titus Cornelius Celsus. But he was no longer among the living, and all they found of his body were gnawed bones.

Galliena had these collected. She commissioned Thyrtaeus to make an image of Celsus out of wax and enclose his bones, which could still be found, in it. Thus the image of the tyrant was soon created, recognizable to everyone.

A few days later, a high throne was erected in front of Sicca's gates. On it sat the princess in the purple of the goddess as representative of the two emperors. To her right was the proconsul, to her left the newly appointed tribune and commander of Sicca. The other dignitaries of the court, such as the choir of Venus priestesses, surrounded the throne in a wide ring.

Then the wax image was brought before this high tribunal. In a long speech, the proconsul accused Celsus of his crime and asked Galliena to judge in the emperor's place. She broke the baton over the criminal and

condemned him to death on the cross. The henchmen seized the wax image and nailed it to the cross. The tribunal then withdrew to the city, leaving the tyrant executed in the image on the cross.

Galliena had now arrogated imperial rights to herself; the exile had become an empress without really knowing how. Only the instinct of self-preservation, not loyalty to her relatives, had made her stand up so forcefully to Celsus and his soldiers on behalf of the two emperors. In the urge to develop, the purple had now been folded around her beautiful shoulders by fate, and the clause “in the emperor's stead” was a very thin veil for her actual usurpation of the throne. Now she began to fear Gallienus and so she once again appeared before the same tribunal that she had gathered around her in the praetorium of Sicca. She explained to them how it was actually the high goddess and not she who had punished the despiser of majesty and desecrator of temples, since she herself had sat in judgment in the dress of the goddess and passed sentence. This clearly indicated the will of the goddess. She, Galliena, would henceforth consecrate herself as a sacrifice to the goddess, take up residence in the temple of Venus herself, and from there rule this landscape as high priestess and representative of the divine Venus in the name of the emperor and for him, until it pleased the emperor to decide otherwise.

The council of the province of Africa and Numidia agreed to this and had this decision put on parchment in order to send this document to Rome for confirmation.

Galliena then entered the sanctuary of the goddess with ceremonial pomp as representative Venus.

In this difficult time of trial, Gallienus first felt what a gift of grace “Juno pronuba” had given him with his Pipara.

"The woman should not believe that she is outside the world of her husband's thoughts, outside the realm of war events. That is why she is already instructed on the threshold of matrimony that she enters as a comrade in labor and danger, to bear the same with man in peace, the same in war."

Gallienus had often read this word before in Tacitus' Germania, but had only now fully grasped it, as well as the other Tacitean sentence, which reads: "Yes, the Germans attribute a certain holiness and prophetic gift to women; they respect their advice and listen to their utterances."

Domina Cornelia Augusta was also present when the report of Vibius Passienus arrived in Rome from Sicca.

Gallienus was furious that the exile had dared to sit in judgment in his name; he knew only too well how the cunning one was anxious to keep up appearances and how she sat in her den like a spider, tirelessly spinning her web. The emperor suspected that Celsus must be her victim. That is why he thought to corrupt her.

His wife, for whom loyalty to the clan was the highest virtue and wisdom, prevented him from doing so. She reminded the emperor that it was Galliena who, even if unintentionally, had at least raised the prestige of the dynasty, and that it would be the highest wisdom to approve her actions and show complete trust. This would make her position vis-à-vis her favorites very dubious, as they would be deprived of the security they seek in family quarrels.

Gallienus allowed himself to be converted to this view. When the imperial letter arrived in Sicca, approving all the measures with expressions of the highest confidence, and when this letter was followed by a second one, which solemnly confirmed Domina Galliena as high priestess of the temple of Venus in Sicca on the part of the Pontifex Maximus and awarded rich consecrations to the shrine, Galliena knew she had been beaten. She had played her part.

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One day, the marcomanized Quade Kadolt was once again sitting in front of the pot-bellied stone jug, having a cosy chat. A soft hand laid itself on his broad, sunburnt bull neck. That didn't happen to him very often, and he flinched as if startled by the strange thing. But an honest rider's heart is not so easily taken by surprise; he sharpened his weeping yellow beard and thought to himself:

"Starving me was a cheap thing to do!"

That's why he didn't act particularly friendly and growled:

"Haven't been able to speak to you for almost a year, maiden, I almost don't remember your name! What's the difference?"

“It's only your fault, you empty wineskin, that you’re only talking to me just now,” said the girl.

“Well, we can make up for what we've missed,” said Kadolt, acting a little more friendly. “You haven't become any more polite, Walpurgis, not that I can think of!”

“There's no time for that now, Kadolt, you must ride as an envoy!”

That gave him dignity. Smugly, he stood up and made his most important face.

"You are to ride to Lady Hildebirga and tell her that her dear Pipara has given birth to a handsome prince. Cornelius Valerianus Caesar is his name."

Then a thought fell heavily on the brave Kadolt's mind. He took Walpurgis’ hand and said:

“I'm sorry -”

“You unfaithful rogue, is that the way the centurion of the empress's bodyguard speaks?”

But Kadolt shook his head angrily and said emphatically:

“I'm sorry for the good time, we could both be that far, and I could tell old Babo that my house honor has given me a little Kadoltius Gallienus!”

"Saddle your horse and stop your foul tongue! Before you ride, seek instruction from Severius Silvanus, for you will not ride alone."

With that Walpurgis wanted to escape, but Kadolt held her fast.

“Tell him that you are an insolent fellow!”

“I will certainly tell him that, but I will also tell him that I have chosen you as my wife's beloved and that I will have little Kadoltius Gallienus Cornelius tell him so for the rest of the year; for no Marcoman rides on his own errand!”

And with that he embraced the girl and kissed her and - was kissed again. There is nothing like the starvation at the castle.

But upstairs in the imperial chambers, the happy Gallienus cradled his little Cornelius Valerianus Caesar in his arms.

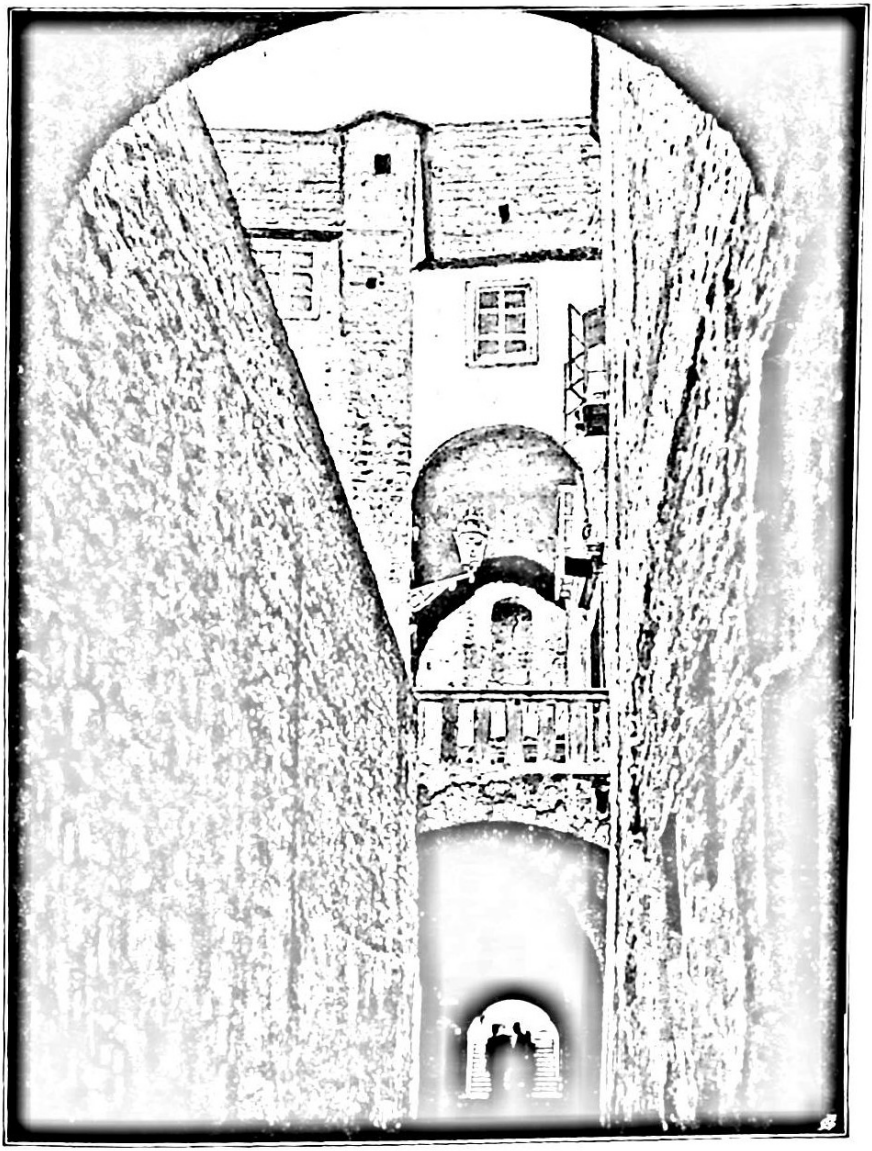

Illustration 13. Spalato: Interior of Diocletian's Palace. Reproduced with permission from Dr. Hermann Haaß in Berlin. Book Two, Chapter Ten, Page 93.

Twelfth Adventure

How Gallienus Wanted to Free his Father From Parthian Captivity

War lay over the Syrian land. The situation there was worse than Caesar Valerianus had imagined at the time when he sailed from Ostia to Caesarea with his proud war force. Valerianus not only had to fight the duplicitous proconsul Odenatus of Tadmor and the proud Parthian king Sapor, but also a new pretender to the throne, the ambitious Cyriades. Cyriades had half-attached himself to Sapor, half to Odenatus; everyone believed him to be a willing and capable advisor and general. To Sapor he promised the conquest of Syria and the province of Asia, to Odenatus he held out the prospect of an independent kingdom. He knew how to win over the ancestor-proud Zenobia, Odenatus' wife, to his plans by telling her that the cleverest man was always the one who knew how to divert the sources of his power from the powerlessness of his contemporaries. He had already taken the cities of Charae, Nicephorium and Turfus when Valerianus landed in Caesarea and was on his way to Tadmor. Cyriades then attacked Antiocha and Caesarea, taking both harbor cities and the emperor's fleet. His retreat was cut off. He called himself emperor. Valerianus now threw himself on Tadmor with all his might, but the Persian army moved out of his way. Odenatus excused his hesitation by pointing to Sapor's and Cyriade's army power. Valerianus was thus caught between two open enemies and a false friend. The land around his camp was devastated by the enemy armies, making it impossible for him to supply his legions. However, the emperor shook Cyriades off by using assassins hired by him to provoke an uprising of soldiers in which Cyriades was slain. As a result, he won over his army and was able to attack Sapor

with increased strength. Sassanid gold then served the Parthian king in the Roman camp in the same way that Roman gold had previously served the emperor Valerian in Cyriades' camp.

A battle with the Parthians ensued, in which the aged Caesar Valerianus was taken prisoner by the Parthians through the treachery of the army commanders Bolista and Macrianus. Macrianus proclaimed himself emperor, called himself Augustus and his two sons Caesars.

Thus the whole east of the empire was filled with emperors and counter-emperors who could hardly be counted, between whom the armies of Rome were wedged, cut off from the empire, and Gallienus himself powerless to bring his father the help he longed for.

The Sassanid rejoiced. He had conquered Mesopotamia, Rome was humiliated and Odenatus was kept in check by Macrianus.

King Zapor marched through Mesopotamia with the pomp of an Asian conqueror; bound to his chariot with heavy chains, the humiliated emperor of Rome followed. Even now, he maintained the calm that he had so often displayed in his times of splendor; he bore his hard fate with dignity.

It was in the camp of Ninus. The army of the Asians was lining up to enter the old royal city. Tied to the king's chariot, the unfortunate Valerianus lay in the dust, half asleep, trying to rest. Then a Persian warrior came along; he pushed Caesar, who was lying in the dust, with his foot and pretended to want to do his mischief to him. But he addressed him in Latin:

"Caesar, forgive what I am doing! Give me a way to save you! I must push and strike you so as not to arouse suspicion. Speak quickly."

“Who are you?” asked the emperor calmly.

"An exiled Roman, ask no more. I want to save you, hold out, give me a means. Do not count on Rome. Do you have other friends?"

And again the man shouted and raved, for other warriors were passing by.

“Make haste, Emperor!” he whispered again.

"If Rome can't help its emperor, who else can? Escape? That would be unworthy!" said Valerianus.

“And impossible!” added the warrior. “Only loyal friends, daring and in large numbers, could venture it!”

“I have such friends,” said the emperor. "Go to Rome and bring this half of the ring to Empress Cornelia. She will send you to her father, King Attalus. You can find bold men there; I can give you no other advice. Thank you, Roman. The half ring also lifts your banishment! Go and greet Rome from its emperor and tell this Rome that it may remain as loyal to itself and its emperor as I will remain to it and the Roman virtues. I will bear what the Capitoline gods deem salutary for me to bear. Go and salute Rome."

The man went and pretended to strike at the bound man.

A crowd of armed men came.

"Up, slave! Before the son of the sun, the king of kings!" shouted their leader, untying the emperor from the chariot and driving him before him with blows of his fists.

The Asian stood there: Scornful laughter distorted his features.

"Roman dog, on your knees! Recognize the son of the sun as master!"

Then the fallen emperor knelt before the Sassanid. The warhorse was presented to him. He placed his foot on the disgraced man's neck and swung himself up into the saddle.

"Roman dog! This is your future crown office at Parther's court!"

The king shouted with a laugh and, while still riding away, struck the unfortunate man's bent back with his scourge.

***

Rome trembled at the terrible news that its emperor had been captured; but it was not this news alone that proclaimed the dreadful; it seemed as if the world was about to fall apart at the seams. Deeply shattering reports also came from the commander Venerianus.

Although he had defeated the Goths - said his report - he was hardly able to hold his own, for four army commanders had taken the purple at the same time; each called himself “semper Augustus”, each had appointed his sons as Caesars! In Macedonia a Valens had been proclaimed emperor, in Illyria another Valens had allowed himself to be proclaimed emperor; Trebellius had done the same in Isauria and Saturninus in Valeria.

That was not enough of the horror.

From Egypt came the terrible news that the procurator Aemilianus there had also taken the purple and closed the granaries and storehouses; this threatened Rome with famine! --

From all sides there was a hail of bad news about the emperor in Rome, who, cut off from all provinces by enemies, sat powerless in Rome like a prisoner; for in those terrible days the empire had more emperors than provinces.

“These are the thirty vultures!" cried Gallienus in anger and wrote this letter to the prefect Venerianus:

"Gallienus to Venerianus. You will not satisfy me if you only kill armed men, for they too could have been carried off by the fate of war. Everything that is male must be killed, even old men and boys. Everything must be killed without exposing us to censure. Everyone must be killed who wished us ill, everyone who spoke ill of Valerianus, the father of so many emperors, and brought him to disaster. Valens the Elder and Valens the Younger, Odenatus and Aemilianus, Saturnius and Trebellius have been proclaimed emperors. That is more than enough. Let them be martyred, killed, torn to pieces! You know my will now! Execute vengeance in my spirit, who half senseless with pain and rage wrote this with my own hand."[1]

***

Winter had spread its silver cloak over the Germanic land. It was a lonely life at King Attal's court. It had become quiet in Mrs. Hildebirga's women's garden, and the good woman often felt a longing for her child. Now and then the women of Eburodunum came to the parlor, and many a tale was told of bold adventures, of dragons and lindworms and of wild smoke.

But there was also a lot of cheerful joking going on; it was bearishly indelicate, but the maidens drank mead and milk instead of sugar water and lemonade. Once Dudar the bailiff wanted to test his wit. He secretly sneaked out into the courtyard and poured breadcrumbs on the poultry, which he moistened with wine. Then he came back in and talked amusingly to the

[1] Historically attested from Trebellius, Kaisergeschichte.

spinners. For a good while longer, nothing changed in the women's hall. King Attal, who had no guests today, had also come over, but his horrible yawning gave notice of his discomfort. He stretched his arms and legs as if he wanted to swim and accompanied this action with a prolonged roar. Soon all those present were seized with yawning, for at that time there were no masters of ceremonies at German royal courts.

Then life came into the drowsy bustle, as it usually does when a modest gathering of muddy carp senses the unpleasant scent of a powerful pike.

There was a cry of terror from the courtyard, then the door flew open, and with wrung hands a maid rushed up to the queen:

"Woman, the misfortune! You must see for yourself. The rooster and the hens, the geese and the ducks, they've all got the knack! No, the misfortune...!"

That was all that was needed. Dismayed, Mrs. Hildebirga hurried to the farmyard to help her poultry in their hour of need.

But things looked good in the yard outside. The master of the hens was lying on his side, trying to get back on his two spurred legs, but in vain. He accompanied his piteous crowing with a pitiful blinking of his eyes, which he could only utter piecemeal and hoarsely, while the hens staggered about so that it was pitiful. The geese made a clamor like foolish women and sailed through the yard like rudderless Viking boats on a stormy sea. The ducks were wiser; they crouched sleepily in the yard, only quarrelling violently when one of the rudderless geese tried to sail over the other, but they only tried, for both moved through the snow like rollers.

The queen was inconsolable; wailing, she rushed towards her staggering kitchen birds and spoke to them; the cockerel wanted to rise, but immediately rushed to the other side and tried to sing his croak, but all he could produce was a thin “Ki”. It was a heart-rending wail. The maids stood around, paralyzed with fear, anticipating the thunderstorm that would undoubtedly break out over their heads once Mrs. Hildebirga had collected herself.

Only the king maintained his equanimity and even took pleasure in the comical goings-on of his winged companions. Then Dudar, the household's

emperor, came to the queen, laid his right hand heavily on her shoulder in consolation and said:

"Woman, do not grieve; an evil prankster has made the fowl drunk, and they will be well again before noon."

This was a comfort to the good woman, but she asked if it was true. Then the bailiff smiled superiorly, and said that he knew exactly how to look into the jug of a man who looked deeper than he ought.

This happened from time to time, and life came into the winter monotony, as it does today, because guests are rare in winter. Then the warden's horn sounded. It was not a fine little trumpet, such as the Lurlenbläser of the Halgadom knows how to blow, but it still sounded pleasant. Guests! What prospects for a cheerful storytelling session in the worldly solitude of the snow! Everyone was in a joyful and expectant mood, the spinning whorls were at rest, and with cheerful expressions, guesses and opinions were exchanged as to who would be the guest waiting to be admitted.

Dudar had hurried into the hall to light a mighty fire on the hearth and to attach the candles to the candelabras, if necessary.

The guests were gathered in the hall, including Mrs. Hildbirga with her maidens. Winter excuses a lot. So the women's curiosity was also satisfied, because it was so pleasantly warm in the hall today.

The welcome drink was drunk, but the frozen ones did not enjoy it as much as at harvest time, when you drive through the countryside on dusty roads, roasting in the sun. A steaming beer soup, which was served to the guests not long afterwards, made them smoother and more inclined to talk.

"By Horses' Hoof and Saddle Pommel! Madam Queen, another bowl full! We have earned it! It's a miserable ride from Rome! Down below the roses bloom, the oranges hang from the trees, then come the mountains - those accursed mountains! - with their snow and their wolves! You're not used to anything better, but by horse's hoof and saddle pommel! Once you've become a real Roman, you'll have no more desire for your bear

wilderness!"

“So, you've come straight from Rome?” the king asked in astonishment, and the queen added: "And who made you, Kadolt, a Marcomanni? Do you still know yourself as a cowboy? But tell me, if you come from Rome, you must be able to tell us about our Pipa? How is the dear child?"

"This is what I’m here for, Madam Queen, I'm an envoy! Now it's time to stop being young, woman, because your wife's daughter, my empress, has made you her ancestor! A very small emperor is wriggling in the golden house of Rome."

That was a joy! Only now could Severius Silvanus, the emperor's envoy, have his say and hand over the letter and gifts. Gallienus had urged him to allow the empress's messenger to speak first, so that the good news from Rome could resound to the good parents in the language of their homeland.

So the ancestor of an emperor of Rome! That filled her with pride and joy. Now it was time to ask what eyes the little one had and what color his hair was. Then it was time for the presents. The Germanic woman did not deny herself the imperial purple. There were things for the royal kitchen that had not yet been seen in German lands. In winter, many things could be sent that would not have tolerated the journey in summer. There were lampreys and other fish, peacocks and Indian chickens, fruit and fruit juices, and wines in large quantities. But as much as this delighted the minds, so little attention was paid to it, and again and again the conversation returned to the little emperor. Cornelius Valerianus Attalus Caesar! They drank to his health with touching devotion, cheerfully, but a lot!

And where is Babz, the old man?" asked Kadoltius Gallienus Cornelianus, for that is what he called himself as a Roman centurion. That was always the German's fault, that wherever he went he sacrificed his nature to foreign customs; many a proud Spaniard, Italian, Moor of today has Germanic blood in his veins and utters the phrase “maledetti Tedeschi”; it was always like that.

Kadoltius, who felt like a mighty man, sent for old Babo to bring him greetings and gifts from Walpurgis, his child. He also told him that he was united with Walpurgis and wanted to get married soon. There, too, there was

joy, although old Babo said that a Roman or a Teuton would have been more desirable to him as a daughter's husband, because a marcomannized Quade, who called himself Kadoltius, seemed to him like a mule that was neither horse nor donkey. But he acquiesced and treated her future husband kindly.

Then the warden's bugle call rang out again. It is rare for guests to come at wintertime, but for more of them to stay at the royal castle in one day was unheard of. The king went out to have a look. Kadolt and Severius had proudly ridden in with their entourage; the new guest stood before the gate, weary, half-frozen, shivering with cold, unable to speak. With a mute gesture he begged to be admitted, to be rescued. Then the king looked over the rampart. The silent, trembling beggar lifted his hand, on which something sparkled like gold. It was half a finger ring. King Attal trembled.

"By the all-good Siegasen, man, what is this half-ring for? Speak!" But he staggered and fell into the snow. The gate was quickly opened and the lamentable man was carried into the king's hall by several men. Convulsively, the unconscious man held the half-ring in his frozen fist...

The queen and her maidens were busy around the messenger, for Attal had recognized him as such by the half-ring he had once given to Caesar Valerianus.

“Kadolt!” cried the king quickly. "You haven't reported Caesar Valerian to me yet? The half-dead man there seems to be a messenger from him, and if so, then" - Attal did not complete the sentence, which he hardly dared to think of.

"Unfortunately, all we know about Caesar Valerianus is that he was captured. Armies were hurriedly sent to his aid, and the recruits from your lands went with him, but their deeds are still hidden from us, O king. In our exuberant joy we have forgotten poor Caesar."

Silence fell in the hall. The women had rubbed the stiff body of their guest, who lay there as if dead, with snow, then wrapped him in dry linen, bedded him on bearskins and covered him warmly with these. Hot broths were also poured into his mouth.

Suspecting a terrible secret, the men stood around the mock-dead man.

“I feel as if I know the man,” said the king with a thoughtful expression. "True, he is wearing a foreign dress, like the one I saw in Carnuntum...

“I feel as if I should know the man,” said the king with a thoughtful expression. "True, he is wearing a foreign dress, like the one I saw in Carnuntum... But the dress is meant to deceive; the face does not match. He went on refugee routes!"

“King, you're wrong, I've never seen that man, and yet I know all the important men in Rome!” Kadolt said with self-confidence. But Serverius smiled and said:

"You think you know many, Centurion, and yet there are only a few! You haven't even thought of how big the empire is, Kadoltius!"

The man opened his eyes and looked around him in amazement. The warmth did him good, as did the friendly words of those around him. When he heard Severius' speech and saw him, his eyes lit up like a gleam of joy.

“What is your name, my weary guest, and what brings you to me?” Mr. Attal asked. The guest half lifted himself out of the bearskins, looked sadly around and handed the king half a gold ring. Then he said:

"You are King Attalus and I am Arus the Parthian. I am sent by someone to whom you once gave this half ring. He is no longer who he was, otherwise I, his messenger, would have entered your castle more proudly. Now, King, you know everything, for the other half of the ring will complete my speech. I can only serve you as a guide when the other half ring has spoken."

"And how did you find your way here? Did you not come via Rome?" asked Severius.

"No, my way went through Byzantium; what should I do in Rome? If he who sent me should wait for Rome's help, his back would be trodden out like old steps. I know Rome's help." Arus said bitterly.

But Attal replied irritably:

“Man, don't blaspheme my daughter's husband!”

But Arus waved his hand languidly and replied:

"Your daughter's husband may be of the best will in the world, but he is a prisoner in Rome and the purple he wears only weakly conceals the chain of slavery. If you want to save the Caesar Valerianus, only you can, but never Gallienus. You can suddenly take King Sapor by surprise and free the imprisoned Caesar, while every step Gallienus takes is immediately reported

and thwarted, because infidelity is the name of the oath the Romans swear to their Caesars!"

Thus the disgraceful situation of Emperor Valerian was reported from Arus. It was here that Severius first learned of the situation and affirmed that Rome would do everything in its power to come to the aid of its emperor. But Arus laughed bitterly and said:

"Rome can only send armies, but these armies would never get through the dangerous enemies, the bribes offered to their commanders by King Sapor, Odenatus and Macrianus. That is why only King Attalus can save the emperor."

He then decided to set off on the expedition.

The swiftly decided adventurous expedition created a joyful mood for Mr. Attal; boredom, shab off! So the noble ibex is in good spirits, high up in the solitude of the high valley between the snow and the far distance; in a narrow kennel he perishes.

Now the castle at Eburodunum was alive. Prayers flew through the snowy land to summon the king's men to the army. Anyone who wanted to and could swing a sword should come to the king; happy war work awaited!

In the farthest corners of the valley, the horse boys heaved themselves from the litter on which they had dreamed of sleeping through the winter and swung a flail to test their arms:

“It's happening, I'm going with you.”

Old Voland in Blansegge forged another double axe for the king and practiced his swing with a nervous right hand; then he said with a satisfied grin:

“Where he knocks, the door will be opened.”

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When Kadolt and Severius rode back into Rome, they reported on King Attalus's decision to march and on the sad fate of Emperor Valerianus.

The empress was deeply shocked, but Caesar Gallienus was encouraged by his father-in-law's valiant deed.

“The brave Arus is right!” he cried painfully; “I am a prisoner in Rome!”

But courageous action on the part of friends sets a good example. Gallienus also armed himself. There were enough soldiers in Syria. That is why Gallienus had ships prepared to await warriors in the Pontus Euxinus of King Attalus in order to ferry them to Pelusium.

The Danube's Liburnian boats were supposed to ship the king's army down this river to Arpis at the mouth of the Pontus Euxinus.

So the winter passed with preparations for the journey on Frau Adventure's trail.

Then a messenger from Theodotus arrived from Egypt.

“What evil do you bring?” the emperor asked gloomily.

“Exalted Caesar!” replied the messenger. "What I bring is unpleasant, but not unpleasant. The road to Syria had been laid for us. Then we went to Egypt, Aemilianus is captured, and the false emperor is on his way to Rome alive. You are once again master of Egypt, the granary of Rome has been opened up and the famine that threatened has come to a pleasing end."

This had revived the emperor's hopes. Africa and Egypt had been saved for the empire.

There were great celebrations in Rome when Caesar Gallienus marched through the Via Triumphalis in triumph. The bound procurator of Egypt, Aemilianus, in front of the triumphal chariot to show the people of Rome how the man would be punished who dared to seize the Caesar's laurel with an insolent hand and to consign Rome to starvation by blocking the export of grain. Immense rejoicing filled the street, but Gallienus was ashamed of himself. He felt like a comedian. Now that he was powerless to help his father, he had to let himself be hailed as a triumphant hero in order to give the people an opium potion to deceive them about the weakness of the empire.

With tears in his eyes, he sank exhausted to the breast of his faithful Cornelia when he returned home.

"Pipa! Pipa! What a disgrace! My father's back bends under the lash of the whip and the kick of the Sassanid, and I, his son, play like a boy with a wooden sword!"

“Best Galli!” Cornelia said and handed him little Cornelius. "Look at

your child! In him lies the future of the empire, like yours! You and my father have united to free the unfortunate Caesar Valerianus. He will return. Should he then search for you and us here in vain? If you do not look after the people, then you will have to fear usurpers in Rome too. Not only he is brave who stands before the enemy with a curved sword; every gladiator can do that! Braver, my Galli, is he who conquers himself and through this very victory uplifts the crowd! The victory you won over yourself, my Galli, the victory was worth the triumph!"

With tearful eyes, the emperor lifted the little Caesar up to kiss him.

"May the gods know whether you, my little Nelli, will one day have cause to thank me for this! Whether you will not one day curse the hour of your birth and the one who conceived you! Zeus gave Atlas the punishment of carrying the world! The same fate befell me and will one day befall you, my child! Zeus, you terrible god, what crime has earned me such punishment!"

Sobbing loudly, he sank down with the child on his Pipa's chest. Her heart wanted to burst at the unspeakable pain, and yet she smiled kindly into the tear-stained eyes of her stricken husband.

And such womanly courage was denied a path through the Via Triumphalis by fate!

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The unfortunate Caesar Valerianus was dragged from town to town, from village to village. Everywhere the Asian, drunk with victory, repeated the same spectacle to his people, everywhere Valerianus' back was to the Sassanid the step up to his horse's back.

Covered with dust and dirt, wrapped in the torn rags of his imperial cloak, the humiliated lord of the world lay bound to the king's chariot wheel in the morass of the Parthian camp. The full moon stood over the palm groves that lapped the banks of the Euphrates, lotus scents wafted across on a refreshing breeze. Here and there a campfire burned; the footsteps of the guards could be heard quietly, otherwise silence reigned all around.

Then the camp came alive. Wild shouting broke out. Weapons rattled

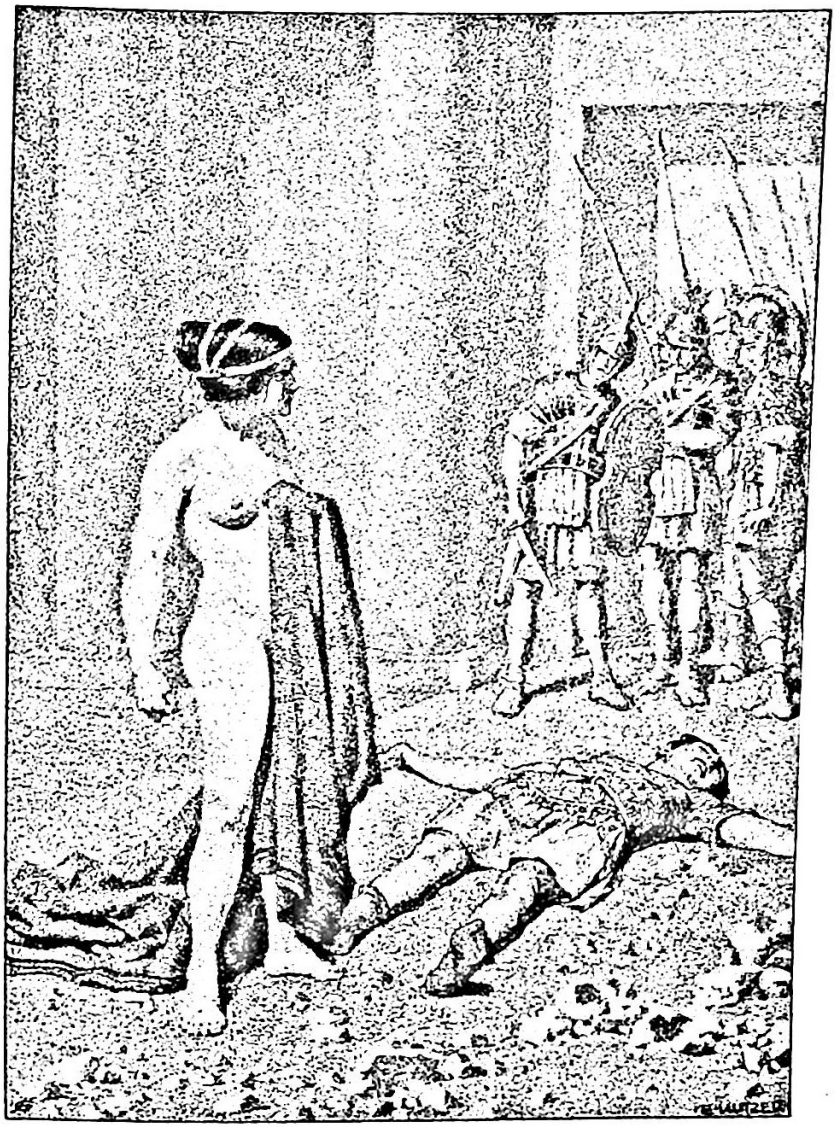

Illustration 14: Like a flash of lightning, the princess's white fist struck the rebel between the eyes, and he fell to the ground with a dull thud like a felled bull.
Book 2, Chapter 11, page 107.

and the noise of battle roared. That's how it is before the storm. In the midst of the dull silence, a sudden gust of wind blows up; dust whirls up, the trees bend and break, and the roof, which the carpenter had not joined too tightly, lifts off and whizzes through the air.

Valerianus awoke. The roar of battle is a sweet sound in the ear of a battle champion. Then the chain clinked. Sighing, he sank back into his swampy puddle.

But what were those battle songs that rolled over him like thunder? He had heard them before, and his legions, his legions of iron, had trembled before them. But this was on the banks of the Danubius and those of the Rhine.

But the battle was raging at the other end of the camp and the bound lion was unable to distinguish anything. Then a pack of warriors rolled silently through the mire. Two sword-wielding men strode ahead. Valerian could have cheered with furious delight; one was Arus, the other Attalus. In the uncertain light of the moon, Valerianus saw the half ring as the king's crest.

“Hoiho, master of all masters!” cried the king. "There's cheap blacksmith's work! Cut the chains in two quickly!"

The file crunched in the ringing iron, the blows of the swift hammer rang out and soon the chain was broken.

But the Parthians threw themselves furiously at the king's little band, for while his main force had attacked the camp on the other side, Attal, led by Arus, had boldly and daringly penetrated the camp by stealth in order to seize the captured emperor.

Now the king's horn rang out. Hei, how they rushed in, the good sword-wielders, how the sharp double axes flashed in the moonlight. The most brilliant was that of the mighty Attal; wherever he knocked, the door was opened. No Parthian skull remained closed to him. With his mightiest hammer, Voland stood like the red-flaming Loki himself, standing in the middle of a pile of corpses piling higher and higher. Wild howls all around. The Persians staggered and finally, seized by incurable fear, they fled. The Teutons were left with their camp and rich booty.

In the morning, Valerianus ordered a large funeral pyre to be built; he

had said that he had a sacrifice to make to the golden Roma, and then sat down to the table with a cheerful expression.

“You said you were an exile, Arus,” said the freed emperor, who could not be persuaded to change his clothes and was still dressed in his imperial rags. "Tell me your guilt, you have felt it. Go home to Rome freely and greet my children. So tell me your name too."

"My divine Caesar, my name is Palphurnius Sura. With Sabellus I escaped from the stone bridges and came here. The disgrace that Rome suffered through the barbarian marriage made me a criminal; the disgrace that Rome suffered through its misfortune made my crime even, and therefore I can also use my true name again, for Arus was the reversed Sura. But Rome must also forgive the barbarian marriage, for without it we would never have freed you; thanks to Rome and thanks to you to the valiant warrior king Attalus!"

Valerian had accepted this news calmly; just as calmly he replied: "I and my children will be grateful to you, King Attalus, and to you, Sura, but not to Rome. You have given me freedom, but you have not avenged Rome. I and my children will honor you, but I can never wear the purple again, I can never return home to Rome. He who once felt the foot of a Sassanid on his neck, who was dishonored by the whip, must die to purify himself and his dignity in the flame, to restore his divinity through this apotheosis."

The table companions froze in shock.

“My brother!” cried King Attal, turning pale. "I have saved you so that you can take revenge on the overconfident Persian. Wash yourself clean in Persian blood! Rage, rage, murder, scorch and burn, march through Asia as a god of vengeance, so that your blood-streaming path of vengeance will be indelibly preserved by the earth for all future ages of mankind and you will be avenged. In the sea of blood that flows from the genocide, wash away the shame, and your and Roma's honor is saved!"

But the emperor calmly replied: "My loyal brother! You do not speak what you think! You too are a ruler of nations; you too have noble sentiments in your heart. Treachery has left me at the mercy of Sapor and treachery would always ensnare me; for the best of those around me would

once again be what the worst used to be, a traitor. I would be mocked; a humiliated majesty has ceased to be a majesty forever, only a courageous death can regain it for me. I thank you, my men and my children will thank you, that I die a free man."

With that he rose and mounted the funeral pyre. He had a bowl of fruit and a carafe of wine placed on it and lay down on it as if he were in the triclinium of the golden house in Rome.

King Attal, Sura and the Germanic army surrounded the burnt bed in silent admiration.

“Do me one last brotherly favor, Attalus, and light my funeral pyre!” said Valerian calmly, busying himself with the fruit as usual. Silently, the king fulfilled the emperor's wish. Trembling, the army surrounded the site of the gruesome self-sacrifice. Slowly, thin smoke curled upward, crackling as small flames licked the air.

Valerian calmly drank a cup empty, then took one of the fruits from the bowl and put it back.

“The Persian has no taste for the fruits of the earth; no one would have dared to put such figs on my table!” said Valerian and reached for some dark brown dates. He calmly brought them to his mouth.

Then the flames leapt up with force, smoke billowed up and shrouded the figure of the doomed man.

"Give my regards to Rome and my children! Thank you again for the ring you have loosened, Attalus. Lower my ashes into the mausoleum of my ancestors. Farewell to you all!"

These were Caesar's last words as Valerianus. The mighty fire flared up.

Thirteenth Adventure

How Caesar Cornelius Valerianus Was Murdered

The years pass quickly when you feel happy in your heart. If fate throws rocks and mountains, rivers and seas in the way of such a happy man, he will have the strength to disregard and overcome such obstacles, for he is happy because he loves. However, this does not mean the kind of love that is counted as a honeymoon, but real and true love, which receives its highest consecration in the higher, spiritual marriage, as it has been for the Germanic tribes since time immemorial. The years pass quickly when one feels happy in one's heart, when one has won a wife who does not believe that she stands outside the world of man's thoughts, outside the realm of war events; when one has found a wife who is a comrade in labor and danger, a wife who bears and dares the same with man in peace, the same in war, in short, when one has found a wife as Cornelius Tacitus describes the Germanic woman in his Germania.

Caesar Gallienus had found such a wife in Pipara and that is why his last years had passed so quickly and why he felt happy in his heart, despite the serious misfortunes that befell him.

The generals Theodatus and Chausisoleus stood with their army in Egypt, which they kept quiet like the other African provinces. However, they were unable to advance into Syria and Mesopotamia. There, Odenatus ruled the Orient as king of Syria. He cleverly knew how to keep up appearances vis-à-vis Rome, as if he were leading the wars on behalf of Caesar Gallienus, to whom he still presented himself as the proconsul of the province of Asia and to whom he also handed over the captured Persian

satraps alive.

They suffered the same fate in Rome as the usurper Aemilianus, they were introduced in triumph and then strangled to death in the Mamertine dungeon. The usurper Macrianus, who called himself Augustus but his two sons Caesars, left one of his sons, Caesar Quietus, at Emesa and went with the other to Illyricum. There he was defeated by Aureolus and he and his son were killed. The same thing happened to Caesar Quietus of Balista at Emesa, who had been left behind and now seized the purple. But he too was soon struck by the assassin's steel. Piso now assumed the title of emperor, only to fall prey to the assassin as well.

Meanwhile, the Gothic and Jazygian invasions were joined by an invasion by the Heruli. The general Venerianus fought a victorious naval battle against the Goths in Pontus Euxinus, but was killed in the same battle.

“You must join the army yourself,” said the empress to Gallienus. "Give festivals and merrymaking, triumph again over the two Macriane, Quietus, Balista, Piso and appoint Odenatus himself co-emperor in place of your father. This will enable you to take revenge on the Parthians and provide the empire in the east with a shield similar to the one my father's shield provided for you in the north."

"Your advice would be good, dear Pipa, if I knew you and my sons were safe in Rome! Before I reach the fifth milestone, a new emperor has risen in Rome, and you and my two sons have been murdered! I cannot leave. Odenatus is to become co-emperor, but I must stay in Rome. You know it, Pipa, even Gaul is insecure!"

“That's why, Galli,” said the empress with warmth in her tone. "That is why you must appear as a hero. Go against the Goths and Heruls, send your son Cornelius with Silvanus to Colonia Agrippina[1] to Postumus. He shall reside there for you as Caesar, which he is, and thus protect you."

Caesar Gallienus jumped up excitedly. “Woman,” he cried, "has a she-wolf suckled you? You want to banish me from you, you want to hand over my Nelli to the murderers! Have you no mother's heart?"

[1] Today, Köln.

But Cornelia replied calmly and with loving warmth:

"Galli, answer these questions yourself. When I married you, I knew that you were an emperor and not a courtier. Nellis is seven years old; he must go to the court of some powerful person to remain there until his fourteenth year. He is to become emperor one day, and his mother's gentle hand can never mold him into an emperor and lord of men. He must become independent, so send him to Postumus. An ample bodyguard must ensure his safety, for he is a Caesar! My little Saloninus remains here with me; he too is a Caesar and his title and my courage alone are shield enough for me when my husband earns heroic fame in the field. Go out, win some battles, make treaties, spend them on victories, and the cowardly Roman will lick your boots like a beaten hunting dog! Believe me, Galli, I now know the “people of Rome!” - At first I felt sorry when I had to watch the game being played with the Quirites, but then I realized that there was no other way! The Quirite is a Roman and not a Teuton. That's why Nelli has to leave, because Rome would be too unhealthy for him! This Rome will one day need a strong arm, strong enough to wield the sword like a scourge!"

Caesar Gallienus had become thoughtful. He walked up and down the room with long strides. Cornelia was sitting on the cushions of a reclining bed, with the two boys playing around her.

The seven-year-old Caesar Cornelius was wearing full Roman armor and commanding wooden soldiers. He had overheard part of the speech, which corresponded to his ardent wishes. With a strong heart, his mother had just succeeded in directing his will so that he desired what would have seemed to other children of his age the most terrible fate. Her heart, too, was bleeding, now to lose husband and son, both perhaps for ever, but the legacy of Caesar Valerian held her high; the proud castle of the dynasty had to be towered in the solid structure, and the female heart had to be silent. In a lonely chamber, at the faithful bosom of her friend Walpurgis, she could then give voice to her pain. She still had little Saloninus left. She lifted him up to her to find strength for the terrible inner struggle she was now engaged in with her husband and her own heart.

But little Nelli stood before his father and said pleadingly:

"You must do that, dear father! I'm already big and I'm an emperor! I've had enough of commanding wooden soldiers; I need living ones!"

“It won't do, good Pipa!” cried Gallienus painfully, looking emotionally at his wife, who was playing with little Saloninus. “And you, Nelli, first learn to obey, then learn to command; bearded men would still laugh at you today.”

"No one has ever laughed at a Caesar, father! I too have courage and can do what Grandfather did if I have to. But that shall not happen to me, for I shall kill everything sooner!"

“So play with your soldiers and answer when I ask you!” The emperor said this with mild seriousness and sat down next to his Pipa. He tenderly embraced her neck:

"I have considered your advice, Pipa, but it won't work. The individual throne-claimers are harmless; they beat each other to death themselves, no one dares come after me. But I'm afraid..."

“An Emperor Gallienus fears!” cried Pipara, looking up at him with such astonished eyes that Gallienus blushed. The empress let little Saloninus slide down from her lap and threw herself on her husband's breast to hide from his eyes the emotion that seized her.

“Galli, my Galli!” she cried, "You are Caesar Augustus, the master of the world! Do the same as Sapor! You have other soldiers than the one whose immense army ran away from my father's few thousands. What immeasurable riches did he not bring from Asia to Eburodunum! And yet, with these cowardly hordes, Sapor is terrifying the entire Orient! Terrify the world and it will pay you homage! You asked me whether I was suckled by a she-wolf! Well, know that it was a Germanic queen and not a wet nurse! But I learned from wolves how a king should be. The strongest one who strangles the others leads the pack and is king. Two he bites to death, and fifty, and a hundred then form his retinue, while three are enough to overpower him. Go forth proudly as a mighty one. Rage and strangle, and you are safe, for everyone trembles when they hear your name, everyone turns pale when they sense your approach! Good nations are ruled by love, but bad ones by gold and terror!"

Many a word was spoken for and against, but finally the emperor

submitted, indeed he swore by all the Capitoline gods that he would not only be a mighty warrior, but a hero himself.

Caesar Cornelius went to Colonia Agrippina with a large retinue, accompanied by his tutor, the senator Severius Silvanus.

It was hard for the poor mother to say goodbye to her child, but she heroically hid the immense pain in her heart. She appeared smiling at the augurations, which promised the departing soldier the most glorious fate. Even the emperor was deceived by this expression. He reproached his wife Pipa bitterly and complained to her about his grief that she felt no love for Nelli. But the brave princess passed this test too, albeit with a wounded heart. She knew that if Gallienus were to discover her true feelings, all her efforts to make him a hero would have been in vain.

Soon Caesar's legions were also ready to march.

With all the pomp and circumstance befitting Caesar, the legions set out under his command. Annius Corniculus, as prefect of the Praetorian Guard, and Palphurnius Sura, as imperial treasurer, formed his closest entourage. The emperor's staff also included the wealthy Martianus and Cecropius, who had been appointed prefect of the Dalmatians.

Pale, with reddened eyes, Dominia Cornelia stood in her chamber, clutching little Saloninus to her breast. Gallienus stood before her in golden armor as Caesar Imperator. It was time to say goodbye to her beloved husband, the greatest test of her fortitude.

When she saw him thus armed, armed like Mars the avenger, comfort came over her mourning heart, for he seemed to her like a god. The mind of women, however lofty it may be, is always drawn to martial adornment and splendid attire. A blush flew over her pale face and her eyes sparkled with joyful pride. Then he stepped before her and offered her his hand. A sad look met her eye:

“Pipa, farewell!” He could say no more, for tears would have been unbecoming to his armor. What else could he have said? Cornelia also had few words, for both their souls lay in their gazes, and at that moment they both knew exactly what the other was thinking and feeling. The soul's sense of touch is infallible in such situations. Silently, Gallienus took Pipa in his

arms, gave her one last kiss, and then the emperor rushed away.

The empress's resistance was broken. Sobbing, she sank to her knees, pressed little Saloninus to her heart, and sent fervent prayers up to the heavenly Freya. The gods had also taken her husband from her, so the goddess, the "Matris Magnae," had to understand her pain and answer her prayers. ---

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It was before Siscia.[2] The emperor had set up camp, for after a fierce battle he had put the Goths to flight. Shouts of joy rang through the camp, accompanied by the blare of trumpets.

The emperor quickly stepped out of his tent. A herald stood before him:

"O Caesar Gallienus semper Augustus, exalted emperor, sixth consul of holy Rome, pontifex maximus, father of the fatherland! Hear glad tidings!"

"Glad tidings? Speak! As the tidings are, so shall my imperial thanks be!"

"Caesar Odenatus, your exalted co-emperor, sends me. The Parthian king has been defeated, Sapor himself has been captured and is on his way to Rome!"

A ray of joy flashed from the emperor's eyes.

"Sapor shall wait until I arrive. Keep him under strict guard; the insolent man shall run behind my victory chariot in chains and then suffocate in the sewers!"

Beaming with happiness, he sank down on his bed:

"So you rise again, ancient, sacred star, over thousand-year-old Rome. The Parthian is captive, the Goth is on the run! For the second time, I am the savior of Rome!"

But in another tent in the camp, the event was also being discussed:

"Martianus, it's now or never! The emperor has been blinded. The cunning Odenatus has cleverly deceived him. Among the prisoners, he found an old Medes who casually resembled Sapor. Let's send him to Gallienus as Sapor!" Mäonius exclaimed in a cheerful drinking mood, and Odenatus

[2] Today, Sisak, Croatia.

agreed with a laugh. Good old Gallienus! Now he is letting victory slip through his fingers in order to rush to Rome. He trusts the army to you. You let the Goths go and become Caesar!"

"I don't dare yet, Cecropius!" was Martianus' reply. "The army idolizes Gallienus..."

But Cecropius laughed and replied: "The army only idolizes the golden Gallieni coins. Don't be too sparing with them, and the legions will proclaim you emperor before Gallienus passes Ravenna."

"I'm almost beginning to regret following the army. How comfortable it would be to lie in my shady, cool peristyle on the Via Flaminia! There I could suck kisses from the most beautiful lips in Rome, and here I already sense the sharpest dagger!"

Anxiously, he felt his side and listened worriedly to see if there were any scouts nearby.

Cecropius shrugged contemptuously.

"If your wealth were mine, I would be the master of the world! Aureolus will get there before you!"

Annoyed, he emptied the horn.

"And if I did," said Martianus more decisively than Cecropius would have liked. "And if I did, Attalus would be sitting too close to me."

Cecropius realized that he would hardly achieve his goal with Martianus. But he hoped that his plan would succeed later.

The wealthy Martianus had followed his suggestions thus far and was already caught in his trap. He had to continue. Once Martianus was emperor, the fat glutton would feel his dagger, and Martianus' treasure chest and imperial mantle would be his. Patience! Perseverance brings victory!

As Cecropius suspected, that is what happened. The emperor handed over the army to Martianus and moved to Rome.

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"It worked out well. I have been emperor for ten years, I have defeated the Goths, the Scythians have fled, and Rome's fiercest enemy, the Asian

Sapor, has been captured. Rome's star is shining brightly once again!"

Gallienus had joyfully cheered his Pipa when she sank to his chest with tears of joy.

It was an unprecedented pomp and circumstance that accompanied Caesar Gallienus' triumphal procession, which he held to celebrate ten years as emperor.

Clowns, circus games, arena days, gold donations, and public feasts! The Quirites cheered.

Then the tubas blared, and the people crowded into the Via Triumphalis as the procession approached.

Army units of all branches marched ahead. Then came the women of the Quirites with colorful lanterns and wax torches, despite the brightest sunshine, which seemed to rival the radiant gold of the world capital. They were followed by the Senate and the Praetorians in white togas. Then came all the colleges of priests and priestesses, each adorned with the praetexta.

Now the imperial victory chariot rolled along, with the triumphant Gallienus standing on it. The prisoners followed. Persians with King Sapor, then Goths, Scythians, Heruls, and other peoples. Also in wax figures were all the pretenders to the throne who had risen and fallen so far.

Finally came the animals that the Quirite was to roast in the open square. Gladiators, fencers, mimes, and buffoons brought up the rear of the procession. Ten elephants also marched along.

It was a feast for the eyes and the palate. Through the densely packed streets, the procession made its way to the Forum Romanorum to reach the Capitol along the Via Sacra.

There was a commotion. Crowds of people rolled in with jeers, led by a few loudmouths. With wild shouts, they broke through the ranks of the gawking crowd. Soon they had invaded the procession, right where the Parthians were walking. They grabbed the captive king by the beard and shouted:

"The emperor sends his regards, Persian, and asks why you did not bring his father with you?" Then they laughed and shouted to the people: "He

Illustration 15: "Do me one last brotherly favor, Attalus, and light my funeral pyre!" Valerian said calmly, busying himself with the fruit as usual. Book 2, Chapter 12, Page 131.

knows nothing of Caesar Valerianus, for he is a false Sapor[3]. Keep searching, friends, to see if you can find the emperor's father somewhere else!"

Thousands of voices burst into derisive laughter. Encouraged by the applause of the crowd that had just been cheering the emperor, those daredevils continued their wild jokes; who knows what would have happened if the Praetorians had not intervened and arrested the boys.

The emperor trembled with rage. After the sacrifice was completed, he immediately returned to the golden house.

"Torture the despisers of majesty!" cried the emperor, senseless with rage, "I want to know who instigated this insult, and then they will be burned alive in public. Let the festivities begin! I also want to offer my good Quirites some illumination for the festive feast!"

Shortly thereafter, the aedile appeared before the emperor. "The boys confessed that they had been hired to say that this was the false Sapor and to ask about the emperor's father in order to ridicule the triumphal procession. They received the assignment and a large amount of gold from unknown persons outside the walls of Rome. They knew nothing more to say." That was the aedile's report. On the same day, they burned as living torches in one of the festival squares, in the midst of the reveling people of Rome, drunk with Bacchic fury. But Gallienus swore bitter revenge on the false Odenatus.

Fuming with rage at this mockery, Caesar Gallienus lay in the triclinium of the imperial palace. But it was not the mockery of the mob that hurt him so much, but the mockery of the arrogant Odenatus. The most gnawing worm was the shameful thought that he had gullibly fallen into Odenatus' trap. Nothing is more tormenting than having to reproach oneself, and nothing is more difficult to forgive than the transgressions of others that give rise to such self-accusation.

In the triclinium, in the company of Annius and Palphurnius Sura, he held council on how to punish Odenatus. Then two letters arrived, one from

[3] Historically attested. A false king named Sapor was also paraded along with the triumphal procession. The scandalous scene described above is also historical, as is its punishment. Incidentally, such frauds were very common.

Tadmor, the other from Colonia Agrippina. He read the one from Tadmor first. Odenatus had been slain by Mäonius, as had his son Herodes; Mäonius had then been stabbed by a common legionary. Zenobia, Odenatus' widow, had now taken the purple to rule the East for her two sons, Herennius and Thimoläus. That was the content of the letter.

"This is like Medea's dragon seed!" cried the emperor in anger. "One is struck down and three rise up in his place! Soon we will have more emperors than Quirites! Heraclianus, whom I left with Martianus before Siscia, shall immediately rush to Syria with all available troops and deliver this terrible Zenobia, dead or alive, along with her brood of toads, to Rome!"

He gulped down a cup of wine.

"Calm down, Caesar, Zenobia is only a woman!" said Annius sympathetically.

"If she were a man, it would be better!" cried Gallienus, beside himself. "But a woman who acts like a man is more terrible than ten men, more dangerous than the head of Gorgo!"

The emperor had calmed down again and picked up the second letter. He read:

"Domitian, the prefect, to Caesar Gallienus, ever Augustus! A great misfortune has befallen you and your empire. Cassius Latienus Postumus has been proclaimed emperor by the legion and has taken the purple. The soldiers then attacked the Hibernum Castrum, where your exalted son Caesar Cornelius resided. The Germanic bodyguard fought like angry bears until every man fell. Severinus Silvanus wanted to save your son, but he broke free and set the Hibernum Castrum on fire. Now it was too late. The soldiers broke in and killed the young Caesar. I myself saw the small corpse with a drawn sword in his clenched fist and the honorable wounds in his chest and forehead. He died worthy of a Caesar. I, with your legion that remained loyal to you, could no longer prevent the disaster, for by the time we had fought our way through, the deed had already been done. I beg you, hurry to our aid. If you come soon, we can still help you; if you hesitate, our help will be lost to you, for then we will be slain. It is not the legions, but the Gentes Germanorum who support Postumus, and their numbers are increasing daily at an incredible rate due to the influx of money-hungry

immigrants from Germania."

Pale and motionless as a marble statue, the emperor stood, but it was not pain but anger that marked his features, which grew increasingly harsh. His demeanor changed in a frightening way. He ground out the words:

"World, so you want a Claudius Nero? Fine! You shall have him! Call the empress! Today we march to Colonia Agrippina! I have a few words to say to Cassius Latienus Postumus. You, Annius, send couriers to Aureolus in Mediolanum[4], to Claudius, the tribune of Ticinum[5], and to others along the Claudian military road that leads over the Alps to the Rhine. Every expendable legionary must come. Let Postumus tremble!"

Then Cornelia entered. She was calm and composed, or at least she appeared to be. She approached the emperor silently, her eyes resting on him searchingly.

"This is the appearance of an emperor worthy of Rome! Now ride, rage, and storm!"

The princess had spoken with flaming eyes and a trembling voice; no sound of lamentation came from her lips, her eyes had no tears.

"Woman! Our Nelli has been murdered!" cried the emperor, beside himself. "You sent him to his death!"

"Not me, the guides of fate! You also know that I gave birth to a mortal. I am proud that he fell as a hero. Let him be an example to you; the father of a hero must himself be a hero! I and our Salonius will go with you; we are ready to travel!"

"My Nelli!" lamented the emperor in utmost pain; but Cornelia cried out almost defiantly:

"Farmers and slaves shed tears, but kings shed blood when pain overtakes them. Arise, Galli, you are the king of kings, for you are emperor! Command the Rhine to roll blood instead of water toward the Germanicum Mare for a week, command the Rhine to drown Colonia Agrippina with its blood flow! Command this, for you are lord and emperor! Take revenge,

[4] Milan, Italy

[5] Pavia, Italy

enormous revenge, which shall tower above all revenge ever seen by the avenging gods.

The melancholy had also disappeared from the emperor's face. His expression was cold and rigid, like Jupiter Ultor.

But the princess had also changed; she resembled a vengeful goddess, a Germanic battle maiden. The emperor had never seen her so terribly beautiful; he was almost frightened by this noble woman, who reminded him of the bloody red splendor of the northern lights.

The two spouses stood facing each other for a long time, silently but with such eloquent glances.

Gallienus had become a different man; the princess recognized this, and he felt it himself. Silently, he offered her his hand.

"We will ride! You shall praise me, Pipa!" Then she threw herself wildly into his arms and kissed him. "Think of the bear!" That was what the princess had said.

Fourteenth Adventure

How Caesar's Cornelius was Avenged

The rubble of the walls lay high before the towers and battlements of Augusta Trevirorum[1], for the lust for revenge for his son lay camped before its gates. Inside the forum stood Postumus in a purple cloak as semper Augustus, his son Postumus Junior as Caesar beside him. Outside, the rightful ruler, Emperor Gallienus, also wore a purple cloak; next to him stood Domina Cornelia Salonina Augusta, armed as an empress. She looked like Roma herself seeking revenge. Little Saloninus was also there. With a rattling crash, the lead balls flew from the ballistae onto the walls, and with restless pounding, the battering rams knocked on the gate towers; still, the gates were not opened. Hunger and epidemics raged in the besieged city, and the horses had already been consumed. But Postumus could not think of surrendering.

"Let us ride around the scorpion's nest!" cried the emperor. The horses were brought forth. The thunder of battle roared in the distance, javelins whizzed through the air, arrows hissed, and debris from the walls rained down into the moat. Thick clouds of dust enveloped the combatants. Where the fighting was fiercest, there was also the thickest cloud of dust above the desert, crushing everything in its path.

"Let them try the Blyde!" cried the emperor, swinging himself down from his horse. The empress did the same. She tried a javelin.

Whizzing through the air, it flew in a wide arc over the moat and, like a

[1] Today, Trieste, Italy.

noble falcon swooping down on a heron, descended behind the battlements into a pack of city defenders. Soon it came whizzing back, its tip glistening blood red, the symbol of an accurate shot. It fell at the empress's feet; hunger had sapped the spear thrower's momentum.

"That is gratifying, Galli," cried the empress. "My arm has not weakened since that bear hunt."

Loud cheers from the surrounding legionaries announced that the empress's test shot had not gone unnoticed. She lifted the throwing arm again, but immediately lowered it again.

The emperor stood at the blyde. With all his strength, he turned the shaft that tensioned the ropes of the swing beam. An arrow whizzed toward him and pierced the emperor's right breast. Cornelia had jumped forward and caught it, just as she had done after the bear hunt.

"The emperor is wounded!" rang out the cry of horror. But he looked up at the princess with a joyful smile: "Now I am happy! I am dying in your arms before the enemy, now I will become a god!"

But Pipara had forgotten neither her art of healing wounds nor the art of spear shooting. She knelt down in the dust beside the wounded Caesar and carefully pulled the arrow out of the wound, then sucked the blood out of it to remove any poison. The arrow had not penetrated deeply; the armor had slowed its force and the breastplate had protected more vital parts. The wound was not minor, but it was not life-threatening.

Cornelia was busy caring for the wounded Caesar and had arranged for him to be carried into the tent.

This had not gone unnoticed from the battlements of the city. Soldiers rushed toward the forum, shouting.

"Caesar Gallienus has fallen, you are saved, Emperor Postumus! Venture out, we will fight our way through! Hail, Imperator Postumus!"

The wavering, starving defenders of the city advanced more and more stormily.

"Soldiers!" said Postumus, "Soldiers! A sortie is out of the question! The tyrant's army is well fed -"

"All the better, then we will have food -"

"Soldiers, the tyrant's army is not weakened. Certain death awaits you! If Gallienus has fallen, then we can obtain free passage! Obey!"

Then there was loud murmuring.

"Soldiers! Each of you will receive a gold coin -"

"We can't roast that; we demand a sortie!" cried the agitated crowd. Other swarms pushed forward. "Sortie, sortie!"

"I am still Caesar!" cried Postumus, "obey, or I..."

A terrible howl broke out, comparable only to that which sounds in the arena when the desert beasts are enraged by several days of hunger.

Like the waves of the sea breaking around a single reef in their midst, the angry crowd of soldiers surrounded Postumus, his son, and their entourage. Then the prefect Lucius Aelianus, who was standing next to the two Postumus, cried out:

"Soldiers, make room and allow time for reflection; the commander must look after your welfare!"

"Sortie, sortie! We are starving!"

"Be quiet and obey!" raged Postumus.

"Caesar!" cried Aelianus, "I feel sorry for the soldiers. Grant the sortie!" Aelianus said this with malicious intent. A furious murmur swept through the agitated crowd of mercenaries. Then the cry "Sortie, sortie!" rolled across the forum once more. The cry was reinforced by raised weapons and threatening turmoil.

"Back, mutineers!" cried Postumus. But then Aelianus drew his sword and struck Postumus down, crying:

"Take that for your refusal, soldier-beater!"

A second sword blow struck Postumus the Younger down into the dust beside his father.

"Soldiers! Throw the two traitors into Gallienus' camp, then we will venture the sortie; I will lead you!"

Wild cheers erupted among the mercenaries: "Hooray, Emperor Aelianus! Hooray, Caesar Aelianus semper Augustus!"

Thus the beasts of the arena pounce on their victims, bloodthirsty and starved; thus the hollow sea rushes in a frenzied torrent against the torn

skerries, wave upon wave crashing down; so the black storm clouds chase across the low mountains until they tumble over the high Alps in a whirlwind, just as now the senselessly furious mob pounced on the two slain men. He thought he had grabbed one by the foot, but was pushed away by others, who fell, and still others fell on top of them, until a wild, confused tangle of people was rolling around on the ground, furiously beating each other without knowing why. Thus the two slain usurpers were rolled around in the dust of the street until they were finally dragged to the city wall. There, ballistae had already been set up; the mangled corpses were placed on their sling arms and then the swing board was released. Whirring and spattering blood, the gruesome projectiles whirled through the air.

With a loud crack, the two broken bodies fell into the imperial camp.

An arrow whizzed after them, carrying this letter.

"Caesar Lucius Aelianus semper Augustus, who calls himself emperor without the will of the Senate and people of Rome, without the will of the army. Little or no greeting! I am sending you the two traitors Postumus, father and son, the murderers of your son Cornelius, because you came here for this reason. Now you have nothing else to seek, so go where your peasant Augusta wants to send you, you who let yourself be bossed around by a woman you bought."

Gallienus lay feverish in the imperial tent. Dry embers burned on his face, his pulse racing wildly. Wild dreams confused his clouded mind. The empress sat devotedly at his bedside, nursing and waiting on him. The doctors came and went, but Cornelia did not leave, she chased sleep from her tired eyes, just as she had done after the bear hunt.

Then Aureolus, the prefect of Mediolanum, entered the tent.

“Greetings, exalted Augusta. How is the illustrious emperor?”

Cornelia rose wearily and walked toward the prefect: "Thank you, prefect. His sleep is more peaceful; the doctors also say that the emperor will soon regain consciousness. I too am aware of the signs of recovery; there is hope for a good recovery."

The princess sat down again beside the sick man; the prefect stood before her. She pointed to a field chair:

"You must be tired, friend Aureolus?"

"Not tired, Augusta, just concerned!" he said and took a seat. Then he told her about the strange projectiles that had fallen in front of the camp and handed her the letter. Cornelia read it, then asked about the bodies. They were still lying where they had been hurled by the ballistae.

Without showing any emotion, she asked further:

"And why are you worried, Prefect?"

"Because of your illustrious husband's anger! May I know what he intends to do?"

"For the sake of those two vultures, you mean? Leave that to me! I, the Empress, decree that all horsemen shall ride over the slain vultures until their bodies are so firmly trampled into the dust that nothing remains but a juicy puddle. The entire army shall bear witness to this. We shall also carry out the sick emperor, so that Caesar Saloninus may see how a Caesar's murderer is despised. But where the monsters trampled into the ground are destroyed in their last remnants, there shall henceforth be the dumping ground for the camp's refuse. Cursed be that spot of earth, only thistles and thorns may grow there in future, so that the evil spirits of the condemned may lie in thistles and nettles as long as they haunt the place of shame as evil ghosts! Go, Prefect, and proclaim this as the emperor's will!"

Aureolus listened to this command with horror, staring in terror into the fiery eyes of the terrible woman, which the gods of vengeance might have ignited. He felt uneasy. The thought crossed his mind that he himself might one day meet the same fate. But fear of the determined princess prevented him from drawing the dagger, which he had already loosened from its sheath before entering the tent.

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The legions and auxiliary troops marched out of the camp and surrounded the place where the two mangled corpses lay in a wide circle. Under a grand canopy lay the feverish Caesar, at his side the Empress with the little Caesar Saloninus.

Thistles, nettles, and weeds were thrown onto the dead bodies, then the armored horsemen rode over them at a gallop, causing bloody excrement to splash up. This terrible act did not end until the princess's order had been carried out exactly as it had been given.

Accompanied by Praetorians, Cornelia entered the camp at her husband's side, leading her little son by the hand; the army was about to do the same when battle signals sounded. Horsemen rushed up, announcing that the besieged were breaking out of the city.

Aureolus was tasked with countering the sortie. But it was no sortie. The entire garrison had moved out on the other side of the city and was trying to escape.

After a brief battle, those weakened by hunger were forced to lay down their arms; only a small number escaped on ships. Among them was Lucius Aelianus, the youngest pretender to the throne. The municipal citizens now came to the camp to beg for mercy.

They were ordered to deliver a considerable sum to the imperial treasury in order to buy themselves mercy from plunder.

The soldiers grumbled. Cornelia, clad in armor, stepped among them:

"What do you want?"

They replied defiantly:

"Soldiers' rights! We have taken the city, now the spoils should be ours! We will plunder!"

"Halt! Not another step!" thundered the Caesarina. "I have let you speak, now hear my word!"

A threatening murmur arose.

"Soldiers, is this your loyalty? Now I want to speak; I, your Empress. After my speech, you may judge! Silence!"

The army obeyed. Then the princess praised the soldiers and announced that the ransom money that the Trevirians would pay would be distributed among them as a reward for their bravery. However, their loyalty had been shaken and deserved punishment. She would grant them half an hour to reflect. The soldiers should consider for themselves how they could wash away the stain of disgrace they had brought upon themselves as mutineers,

how they could free themselves from punishment.

Cornelia had spoken these words and sat gracefully on the purple throne that had been erected in front of the emperor's tent to hear the army's decision.

It did not take long for some emissaries from the army to arrive. They begged for mercy and promised to hand over the instigators. This was what the empress had intended. After a sharp reprimand, she dismissed the emissaries with a promise of mercy. The instigators of the mutiny were handed over and whipped to death on the spot. Every third man among the prisoners was beheaded and thrown into the Moselle[2] so that those who had fled could see what awaited them. The fish in the river had a good day. Those who escaped with their lives were enlisted in the imperial army.

Not long after, the emperor recovered. The empress had told him what had happened while he was burning with fever. He had enthusiastically embraced her and exclaimed:

"Pipa! I was wounded and believed myself to be a hero. You have shamed me; from now on, you shall see that I am a hero!"

The army marched to Maguntiacum [Mainz, Germany], where Aelianus had taken refuge with the remnants of his power.

There his fate overtook him, for his own soldiers killed him. After him, Victorinus, the son of the "camp mother" Victorina, was proclaimed emperor, but the soldiers killed him too. The same fate befell his successor Marius, who, as pretender to the throne, followed the camp mother Victorina both in purple and in death. After her, it was Tetrius' turn.

Caesar Gallienus had once made a prophetic statement when he said that he cared little about the usurpers, as they were so obliging as to kill each other, thereby saving him a great deal of trouble.

Nevertheless, his army was encamped before Maguntiacum, while in that city, almost weekly, if not daily, another usurper played the emperor.

Then a messenger was sent to the emperor. He brought sad news.

"The Heruli are riding again, great Caesar!" he had said. "They are

[2] Today, Mosel River. [ed. note: I cannot determine what river this is. It is outside Trieste and could be Slovenian or Italian with a changed name.]

already coming like a great flood, washing away cities and castles like one. Where they have been, only crumbled, sooty walls remain. What they did not drive away in terms of people and livestock, they killed; what they did not carry off, they burned. Achaea has already been ravaged, Athens, Corinth, and Sparta destroyed. In Boeotia and Epirus, the cities are ablaze, Macedonia trembles, and if you, great Caesar, do not come soon, Illyricum will also have them as guests. Even the Goths are shoeing their horses and sharpening their swords. Things are beginning to get uncomfortable, sir. Yes, if only the old days were still here..."

"I have already ridden the road to the east myself, so I can do it a second time!" said the emperor proudly. "The Gauls have felt my arm, now they may well keep quiet for a while."

Aureolus was entrusted with the province of Gaul. Part of the army marched quickly to Byzantium; Gallienus followed with the main force. Then the emperor encountered the Herulian duke Naulobatus. He had taken up position with his people in a wagon fort. The emperor set up camp opposite him. Then he sent messengers over to invite the Herulian duke to be his guest.

The fact that someone was invited to be a guest of the Emperor of Rome despite the scorching heat, burning armies, and pillaging made quite an impression on the Herulian.

He put on his finest jewelry and called his best traveling companions.

"You shall adorn yourselves like kings of armies! Wrap your arms with gold bars, take shining weapons, for the Emperor of Rome has sent me an invitation. He shall see that you are good warriors, and that I am your worthy king of battle, bestowing treasures upon you!"

The table was set up in front of the emperor's tent. Naulobat was welcomed with trumpet blasts and all the honors of a friendly king and led into the tent before the emperor. No one was present except the princess and little Saloninus.

"Herulian, the Emperor of Rome greets you and welcomes you as his guest." Thus the Emperor greeted him from his seat.

"And you, Emperor, are greeted by the Herulian Duke! He is pleased

Illustration 16: Whirring and spattering blood, the gruesome projectiles whirled through the air.
Book 2, Chapter 14, Page 149.

that you have spared him the trouble of introducing himself as a guest! Believe him, Emperor, he has a good sword, which he prefers to courtly manners!"

The emperor was not particularly pleased with this greeting. But the empress replied on behalf of her husband.

"Accept the empress's greeting too, Herulian! She is your tribeswoman, for the Marcomanni king Attalus is her father; Queen Hildebirga, however, is the child of a Herulian prince!"

"Then we are blood brothers!" exclaimed Naulobat joyfully, "for Lady Hildebirga is a sister to me, the Duke of the Heruls!"

Thus, friendship was soon established. At the table, the emperor then said:

"You should consider that I, a Herulian like you, live in perfect peace with King Attalus; if you are wise, we too can become friends. What good does war do you? Destroyed cities, ravaged fields! Is that a gain? Then you will be defeated and terrible revenge will befall you. King Attalus has acted more wisely, and yet he is a mighty ruler of men!"

"That may be," said the Herulian, happily emptying his cup of fiery wine, "that may be, but the sword rusts, and saddle food tastes better!"

They negotiated for a long time until the Herulian realized that the emperor did not want him to go behind the plow, but promised him rich food. So they agreed, and the Herulian was sworn in as king of Rome. Like King Attalus, he received land to defend the border against the Scythians. United with the Heruls, Gallienus now marched against the Goths and Scythians, who were now retreating everywhere, so that he could think of returning home to Rome; he believed he had earned enough heroic glory to now return to Rome and sit on the golden throne.

Letters arrived from Byzantium. The army had rebelled, the Byzantines had joined forces with the army and murdered the emperor's two commanders, Cleodanus and Athenæus.

The emperor was furious, because his return journey to Rome had been delayed again.

"Subjugate Byzantium, march across the peninsula to Achaea, rebuild the

destroyed cities, and punish the rebels, then return home, and Rome will erect a monument to you greater than the Pharos of Alexandria!"

The princess had said this to encourage her husband. Now, too, her advice had met with his approval.

"Yes!" he exclaimed delightedly. "So shall it be done. They shall erect a bronze statue of me with Apollo in a chariot on top of the Esquiline Hill. There I will sit enthroned as the sun god, visible from all the streets of eternal Rome. The spear must be so mighty that at least a child can crawl from inside the shaft to the tip!"

That same day, the army set out for Byzantium.

***

The situation was not a happy one. The people of Rome were demoralized and disillusioned. The great figures of the empire had lost faith in a permanent head of state, for after Nero's fall, they had been unable to establish a dynasty. Despite all the deification, the emperor's purple robe had been stripped of its divinity and reduced to a plaything of ambition. This loosened the entire structure of the state, for just as the prestige of the head of state had been weakened, so too had that of the other rulers of the provincial administrations and the army. In addition, the emperors were too preoccupied with their personal safety and the intention of securing their supposedly established dynasty to be able to devote their full attention to what was happening outside and at the borders of the empire.

And so, at most borders, the empire stood open to uninvited guests. These were only defeated when they were already retreating with their loot. The Caesars of those days lacked the time to take precautions to effectively stem such incursions. Perhaps Caesar Gallienus, under the influence of Empress Cornelia, would have succeeded if he too had not fallen victim to the curse of Roman Caesarism.

The same thing had happened in Byzantium. The attempt to enforce stricter discipline in the army had cost the two generals their lives.

Soon the emperor had taken the city, which was defended in a haphazard

and disorderly manner. The troops had surrendered and handed over their weapons.

They stood outside the city, surrounded by imperial troops. Gallienus then gave the order to slaughter them. More than five thousand men were executed in a single day. This bloodbath had the desired effect. The treacherous Byzantines came to beg for mercy, but Byzantium was left to be plundered by the army.

The Herulians kept a close watch, and so the emperor was able to pacify the East. Cities rose again from the rubble. Refugees returned, and people cheered the heroic emperor who had saved them.

“Victory is granted to the bold!” said the empress with shining eyes. "Just a few more weeks, dear Gallienus, and the world will be at your feet. Already terror is your herald and deification your attendant. How the Greeks honor you, to whom you have rebuilt their destroyed cities, how the evildoers fear you, now that they have learned of your imperial vengeance!"

“I thank you, my good, dear Pipa!” exclaimed the emperor enthusiastically. "You have understood how to awaken the spirit of heroism in me. You have enabled me to control my destiny and not be tossed about by chance like dry chaff!"

"Now, Caesar, is the time to cross the Hellespont and show Tadmor that you are the master of the world! Revenge must be taken for the destruction of your armies, which you sent to punish the false Sapor. Then you may rest again in your golden house and celebrate feasts and see how the Helioseum Gallienicum towers above the Esquiline Hill to the clouds."

Then, carried away by enthusiasm, Gallienus threw himself on his Pipara's breast and said:

“You are as faithful a companion to me as lightning is to thunder! The lightning of your spirit illuminates the night of destiny around me, so that I may powerfully hurl the thunderbolt toward its true target!”

With the pride of love, Pipara looked at her husband, knowing that it was she who had shaken him out of his dull inaction.

Then the Praetorian Prefect Annius stepped before the imperial couple with a worried expression.

"You bring bad news again, faithful friend!" said the emperor seriously, but calmly. He felt strong enough to defy the whole world.

"Your words, Caesar, make mine easier!" said Annius sadly, and continued: "Gaul is ablaze with the bright flames of civil war! Aureolus has taken the purple. He is marching on Rome. Hurry, my Caesar, to forestall him!"

Fifteenth Adventure

How Gallienus was Slain, and what Happened Next

Deep clouds moved slowly across the darkened night sky. It was an eerily gloomy night, its fog covering the plain like the heavens covering the future with their veil. Heavy armored horsemen, iron legions with wild baggage trains and clumsy supply wagons laboriously made their way through the rain-drenched darkness of the night, soaked by the clapping thunderstorm. Thus, the army columns of Caesar Gallienus, raging with turmoil, marched toward Mediolanum. Multi-pointed lightning flashed across the wide plain. There it found a thousandfold reflection on the spearheads of the legionaries, but then there rose up like dark, threatening shadows from the depths, the towers and battlements of Mediolanum from the flaming firmament. The army had done its duty, for it had gained the advantage over the shameful Aureolus and now blocked his path to Rome. It was no longer possible to block the Claudian Alpine Road, for Aureolus had already entrenched himself in Mediolanum.

The camp was set up during the night.

“That's because you dawdled, Martianus!” said Cecropius, wrapping himself in his soaked cloak as he lay down on the muddy ground in Martianus' tent. He continued in an angry tone:

"Aureolus has beaten you to it. You recognize neither my friendship for you nor my watchful eye!"

"And I tell you, Cecropius: when we finally arrive in Rome, I will not leave my palace a third time. I know what you want. I will not stand in your way; I will even help you, but in future, leave me alone with my lamprey pond. I would rather be the modest rich Martianus than a hunted poor

Caesar."

"If you have no better ideas, help me persuade the army to proclaim the tribune Claudius as emperor. You will then become a senator, you can even become consul. You will have a leisurely life and will not have to leave your lamprey pond."

"By Hercules! Leave me alone! I will do that, but nothing more!"

Martianus said this gracefully and wrapped himself in his dripping cloak.

Centurion Kadoltius also paced around the emperor's tent in a bad mood.

"By horse hooves and saddle knobs!" he grumbled into his beard. "Bad weather is approaching! Everyone is walking around with faces as if they had ten murders on their minds. But let such a Roman trust me! It would be the greatest joy to drive the sword between the ribs of such a Gauch like a pig fit for the slaughter!"

The lamp burned dimly in the imperial tent. The small oil flame flickered restlessly, as if afraid of fire's natural enemy, water, which seemed to be displacing the air outside.

The emperor paced thoughtfully back and forth. The empress sat on a field chair, little Saloninus sleeping in her arms. The dim light of the lamp illuminated her weary features.

"Tell me, Pipa, how many vultures did your dream speak of back then?" the emperor asked, his voice trembling. The empress was startled by this question. But she calmly replied:

"There were thirty-two; but why do you ask?"

But without paying attention to this question, the emperor continued:

"The number is correct. Thirty-two usurpers have risen up against me... Twenty-seven are dead; five are alive!"

"To fall through you, Galli!" said Cornelia; but her voice did not sound as confident as usual; a slight sigh escaped her chest. It was difficult for her to hide the gloomy mood that constricted her chest from the emperor.

"How many were there who tore me apart?" asked the emperor with a trembling voice.

Then the princess gathered all her courage and laughed:

“Since when has my imperial husband belonged to the dream interpreters' guild? But I know nothing of how many, and even less that they tore you apart. Only the two of us were engulfed in the red glow of the fire. But it is clear to me that this glow is the halo of your apotheosis. You have defeated twenty-seven false Caesars; the rest are no longer dangerous to you."

***

As soon as dawn broke, Cecropius arrived at the imperial tent.

Kadolt was lying in front of it on his bearskin; he had not gone to his tent, but had spent the night outdoors. He was dripping wet, as if he had swum across the Adriatic Sea.

He did not look kindly upon the prefect of the Dalmatians, just as a bear-biter might look before giving Master Petz a warm welcome.

“What are you looking for, Dalmatian?” thundered the centurion menacingly. “This is the emperor's tent, in case you don't know, and if you come too close to it before dawn, you may regret it!”

“Silence, you bear hunter!” Cecropius shouted angrily. “You know who I am, how dare you raise your weapon against me?”

“I would never do that!” replied the Marcomanni calmly. “For those who prowl around the emperor's tent at an inconvenient hour, a kick or a punch is enough. My sword is sharpened for better things!”

Kadolt had remained lying down, but he had been watching Cecropius' actions closely. Cecropius felt uneasy about it, so he thought it wiser to retreat.

Cecropius took a band of Dalmatian horsemen and rode out of camp with them, as if he had been ordered to scout the enemy. Day had already broken when he and his men were seen returning from camp at full gallop; it looked as if they were fleeing wildly to the safety of the camp's ramparts.

Even from a distance, he shouted:

“To arms! To arms! Aureolus is approaching! Caesar Aureolus!”

Then the camp awoke. The reveille was sounded. Soon the army was ready to march out.

Cecropius was summoned before the emperor. He pretended not to see Kadoltius, who regarded the Dalmatian with contempt and suspicion.

"What have you discovered, prefect?" the emperor asked the newcomer.

"Mighty Caesar! Aureolus is on the march. Go out to meet him and offer him battle before he reaches the bridge."

But before the emperor could reply, the princess sprang forward, embraced her husband protectively, and cried:

"We will not march against Aureolus! We will let him cross the bridge, then destroy it and throw him into the river. Galli! Do not leave the camp!"

Annius also asked to wait for reliable news first. The emperor was already wavering. Then Cecropius said that he had not known that an empress was commanding the army. That tipped the scales.

"We ride! Immediately!" the emperor had shouted, then added: "You, Cecropius, stay close to me; I need to speak with you later!"

Then the empress ordered that her horse and little Saloninus' horse be brought forward. In a soft voice, the emperor asked her and little Caesar to remain in camp. But with a serious yet heartfelt look, the empress said firmly:

"We will ride!"

This time, the emperor did not succeed in persuading his wife to change her mind. The horses were already ready. Little Caesar was strapped into the saddle; the empress mounted her horse and took the reins of her son's horse.

The army set out. Soon they reached the bridge. There, Caesar Gallienus positioned the army in cover to await Aureolus. With a detachment of Praetorians, he rode ahead to the bridge to inspect the location where the decisive battle was to be fought.

Then Cecropius rode up to the emperor as if to report to him and thrust his sword through his throat into his chest. He quickly turned his horse. A second blow—and the head of the little Caesar Saloninus rolled into the sand.

Enraged, the empress drew her sword from its sheath, and with one powerful blow, Cecropius fell dead from his horse.

Pipara knew immediately that this time there was no remedy for her husband. The emperor lay dead on the ground. --

Pipara had jumped off her horse, picked up her child's head, and rushed with it to her husband. With tears in her eyes, she kissed the departing soul from his still warm lips, and did the same for her child. It was a silent pain. Even the tears soon dried up.

Silently, Pipara climbed onto her horse, her child's head in her blood-soaked lap.

She ordered Kadolt to lay the dead emperor on his horse and tie the slain assassin to the tail of his horse and drag him to the camp.

Thus the army entered the camp.

With fixed, tearless eyes and a dignified, calm demeanor, the empress entered her tent.

“Build a stately funeral pyre!” she had commanded. “Shackle the villain Cecropius and pierce him from behind with a wooden stake. Then lay him at the feet of the murdered emperor.”

She conversed with Kadolt for a long time.

***

In the middle of the camp, Kadolt had laid out the funeral pyre that very day, as the empress had commanded.

The throne of the murdered sovereign was lifted onto it, and the two Caesars, father and son, were seated upon it. Both were adorned in armor with all the insignia of their dignity.

Cecropius, pierced with a stake and bound, lay at the emperor's feet as his footstool.

The army stood around the pyre in full battle armor.

The princess's Germanic bodyguard stood around the pyre with drawn weapons to prevent its desecration in case of emergency.

Then the two emperors' horses were led onto the platform. Kadolt had taken it upon himself to kill them. Soon, a reddish spring gushed from both bleeding animals, soaking the purple drapery of the pyre.

Then the empress rode before the pyre that was to consume all her love, all her hope. A murmur of astonishment ran through the army.

No one knew how to interpret what was happening. The princess was not wearing mourning clothes, as would have been expected, nor did she walk as usual. No, she came galloping up in the full regalia of the Empress of Rome, and moreover in armor and armed, high on horseback. She rode her horse up to the emperor's corpses on the pyre. From there, she delivered the eulogy for the two emperors and then—her own. The army was enraptured, mourning the two dead and proclaiming the princess empress. The tumult grew, then rigid horror transfixed the army. The empress had jumped from her horse after stabbing it in the mane with a knife. The noble animal snorted briefly, trembled, and fell beside its dead companions. Then the princess threw the burning torch into the resinous channels of the burning bed and climbed up to her dead loved ones, sitting down beside them on the throne. Once more she kissed her dead husband and her child, then plunged her sword into her breast. With failing eyes, she still had the strength to pull the steel from the wound.

Then the flames wrapped their fiery purple cloak in billowing folds around the most sublime self-sacrifice of Germanic conjugal love.

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The corpse had been burned to ashes and the enormous pyre of the imperial family had collapsed. The mounds of ashes were still steaming, and thin smoke curled up from them, mingling with the low-hanging clouds of the spring rainy season. Neither the camp prefect Annius nor the imperial attorney of the treasury, Palphurnius Sura, the two most loyal friends of the immortal Caesar, were able to conduct the funeral ceremonies according to Roman custom, for serious concern for the fate of the empire and their own persons in the midst of the camp, which was fermenting in wildest anarchy, had made the two completely helpless and despondent. The army itself, shaken by the terrible events, lamented and wailed, in some cases in sincere grief, that “such a fruitful, indispensable, brave, and active emperor had been snatched away from them.” But a no less significant portion of the legionaries engaged in such lamentation out of well-founded calculation, for

the more the army lamented, the more gold coins would accrue to each man when the new warlord came to buy the favor of the legions.

While Palphurnius Sura discussed the future with Annius, a grand council was also held in Martianus' tent to decide whether to win the favor of the army for the approaching Aureolus and proclaim him Augustus and Imperator. In other tents, other dignitaries were being nominated for the laurels of Imperator Augustus, without either party having dared to openly present specific proposals and demands to the army.

Under such circumstances, it was not difficult for Kadolt to carry out the burial of the cremated bodies according to German custom without disturbance, with the united forces of the Marcomanni cohort, the former bodyguard of the empress. When the fire had completely burned out and the ashes had been collected in the urns, he was the first to place precious weapons in front of the urns as votive offerings, each one placing at least one silver coin in the flat sacrificial bowl as an offering to the dead shield bearer, as a sign of loyalty that extends beyond the grave.

Walpurgis also placed precious offerings around the urn for her imperial friend. She had followed her mistress to the camp and was unable to control her grief over the unexpected and terrible loss that had resulted from the horrific events.

Kadolt approached the woman bathed in tears, unnoticed.

"You should know, Burgei," he whispered to her, "that enough is enough with the wailing and gnashing of teeth. Think of our children. We must leave the camp this very hour to flee home across the Alps. Hurry and pack the wagons before the turmoil breaks out. Quickly, I say, no arguments!"

These were the words of a husband, no longer those of a lover. Now Walpurgis's red-rimmed eyes flashed, and she raged:

"What noble sentiments! The Leeberg has not yet risen over the smoldering firebed, Urda's bolts have not yet been laid, and already you are thinking of escape!? And what will become of my treasures and clothes that I left in Rome in the golden house? And what will become of --"

"Woman, be silent and obey!" her Kadolt interrupted her. "We must leave this hour, or we will end up like these people, without anyone to grant

us a tomb. But forget the trinkets you left behind in Rome, for you will never see them again."

Pale terror seized Kadolt's spouse, and wringing her hands, she lamented her plight to the winds, that she should return home to Eburodunum without seeing her ceremonial robes again, only to have to work there once more!

Kadolt did not deem it necessary to explain the reasons for his decision to his beloved wife once again, or even to offer her comfort for the inevitable loss of the possessions left behind in Rome, in the imperial palace; he beckoned two of his confidants and instructed them to escort Frau Walpurgis to the tent and help her prepare everything for her immediate departure.

Weeping and lamenting, followed by her blond-haired children, Kadolt's household left the site of the cremation; but anyone who believed that these tears and wringing of hands were for the dead Empress would have been gravely mistaken.

In the tent, however, Mrs. Walpurgis had given in to the consolations of her maids as she sorted through and packed the empress's estate, which was now her property. Then she had a glimmer of a kind of premonition that her stern husband might not be entirely right after all, for with these treasures she herself could arouse the envy of Queen Hildebirga. And yet, when she thought of her clothes and linens and other household goods that she had to leave behind in Rome, tears came to her eyes again and again because she could not pack these treasures as well.

Using shovels and shields, the Marcomanni cohort had piled up a burial mound more than two men high, a so-called Leeberg, and probably covered it with turf bricks on the outside. These were "Urdas Riegel," which separated the eerie spirit world from the realm of the living, for there, "where grass grew over it," no ghost could rise from the earth's interior, from the shafts of the tombs; this is an ancient German belief that still lives on unconsciously in proverbs today.

And so, even today, the burial mound of the Germanic king's daughter Pipara, the Roman empress Cornelia Salonina Augusta, stands next to the

Illustration 17: Once more she kissed her dead husband and her child, then plunged her sword into her breast.
Book 2, Chapter 15, Page 166.

Pons aureoli[1] on the left bank of the Addua in the wide field, marking the spot where the camp stood, just as the bridge marks the spot of Caesar's murder.

Gloomy, leaden gray clouds hung low in the sky, pouring rain fell down onto the nearly flooded earth, and a roaring wind swept across it, whirling and tossing the torrential rain around in the air, so that one felt as if one were about to drown in the open field, in the open air.

"Wait out the storm and ride tomorrow, Kadoltius!" advised Palphurnius Sura, in whose tent the fugitive had gathered for a farewell drink.

"By the horse's gallop and the saddle knob!" replied Kadolt, who had become wine-warm, and slammed the empty jug down on the field table. "By the horse's gallop and the saddle knob! Your advice is even less valuable than you think mine is, and yet I advise you once again as a word of salvation: You, Sura, and you, Annius, both of you should go with me to King Attalus; he can make good use of your swords, and you will be highly honored in the Marcomanni Empire, but in Rome your poison and dagger await you, if not something worse! I did not underestimate any of these beautiful things, but I did not fear them as long as my protector was alive. Today, however, I have no desire to continue to involve myself in these disputes. I will ride, and even if my Burgei may not find it very comfortable at first in Attalus' kingdom, for then the leisurely life will come to an end, she will still find it more comfortable than dying of a sore throat in the Mamertine Prison."

Then he raised the now refilled jug to his mouth to reward himself appropriately for the long speech.

"Our brave centurion may well be right with his warning," replied Annius, "but he forgets that he is a barbarian, a foreigner, while we are Roman citizens."

"That is also by the grace of the emperor," Kadolt interrupted the speaker excitedly, but Annius waved his hand reassuringly and continued

[1] Now known as "Ponterolo," it spans the Adda River. [unclear if this bridge still exists; the Adda runs through the Austrian and Italians Alps past Bergamo and Milan and has a number of notable bridges.]

calmly: "I know, I know! And on top of that, you are a brave fellow and too good for Rome and its Quirites, but nevertheless you are not bound to Italy by birth, yes, it is a good deal of homesickness that makes you want to rush away so quickly. No one would interpret your loyalty to the divine Gallienus as a crime, and the next Caesar would honor you for that very loyalty; We, however, will have more than enough enemies, but a Roman does not willingly leave his sunny, golden Italy to exchange it for your forests. Your wife Walpurgis knows very well what she is losing, which is why she is so sad."

Annius had said this and sighed heavily; Sura agreed with him and said that he knew well how bitter exile was, and that he too would rather defy fate than bid farewell to Italy never to return.

“And so let us drink to our farewell. If you ignore my honest advice, as I am withdrawing from the honors of your various future emperors, we will never see each other under the same roof again, and I am sorry for that. So fare well, and protect me, if necessary, from the Pipara-Lee!”

The camp prefect and the money handler led Kadolt to the tent, where the long train of carts was already waiting, along with horses, wagons, and a considerable number of mounted guards. They stepped in front of the first wagon. Then the tarpaulin was lifted and Mrs. Walpurgis's head became visible. The farewell was brief and tearful, and there were not many words, for Kadolt urged them to hurry, as he did not quite trust the suspicious calm in the camp and would have preferred to have the Brennus at his back. So only a few handshakes and fleeting greetings were exchanged, whereupon the horses strained at the reins and the wheels set off with a creak and a crunch.

The wet greetings poured down relentlessly from the heights of the clouds, but the area lay clear before Kadolt, who was riding ahead; no camp wall restricted his view, and even if he did not feel any particular joy at this Italian spring awakening, he still felt more comfortable here outside than inside the camp's stifling heat, which made it impossible to calculate who among those sitting in front of the wine jug in the tent today might be a head shorter tomorrow. Kadolt felt rich, so rich that he dared to ask the nearest count how much his land was worth, and he had thought to himself how

much wiser it would be to play the great lord with dignity at home than to have his skull split open for nothing down there. Then he remembered the protest of his beloved wife, who had said goodbye to their beautiful home in the golden villa in Rome with great displeasure; but a fine smile played around his mouth, which became more and more pointed, from which finally, in cheerful whistling, a fresh little trumpet piece sounded, such as he had often heard when Caesar Gallienus celebrated a victory.

Slowly, the train moved northeast toward the Alps, the wheels creaking and grinding, the horses' harnesses clinking, and it rained and rained and rained. --

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The camp had not yet been able to agree on who should receive the laurels of Augustus. Then Annius was struck by a sudden thought, which he hoped would bring salvation for himself and his friend Sura. Without delay, he summoned the centurions to the tent of Emperor Gallienus, which had not been entered since his death.

There stood the throne of the murdered Caesar, on which lay the insignia of imperial power, with Praetorians standing guard as if a living Augustus were seated in the chair. The centurions entered. The wax torches burned brightly, their flickering and shimmering reflected in the gleaming armor and weapons of those assembled.

The camp prefect Annius stood before the throne on its lowest step and addressed the assembled crowd with the following words:

"Fellow students! Divus Gallienus, our deified great Augustus, who was consul seven times and who restored renewed, heightened splendor to the thousand-year empire through numerous victories and heroic deeds, once said to me in the company of distinguished dignitaries of the empire that if he were to die without children or heirs, he knew of no one more worthy to succeed him than Flavius Claudius, the prefect of Ticinum. The deified emperor intended to adopt the sublime Claudius in this case. Now, my dear fellow students, I believe that the best way to honor the divine Gallienus,

who, as you all know, was a father to the soldiers, is to fulfill his will and proclaim the prefect Claudius as emperor. Every commander will immediately receive one hundred gold pieces for Caesar Claudius, and every legionary twenty. We will send couriers to Caesar Claudius and refuse the tyrant Aureolus passage across the bridge. But then we will destroy him if he stands between us and Caesar Claudius. Think, friends, you have defeated twenty-seven tyrants, now defeat the twenty-eighth and raise a new father of soldiers to the dignity of Augustus! Yes! Caesar Claudius, semper Augustus!"

With a loud, boisterous "Yo, Caesar Claudius, semper Augustus!" the centurions stormed out of the emperor's tent to alert the army. In one fell swoop, the entire camp was won over. Jubilation reigned everywhere, and the wine servers in the camp had a good day, because of the twenty Gauls that each legionary received - and the first coin had to be given in order to consecrate a jubilation drink to the new Caesar Imperator.

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The morning had not yet dawned, and deep night still lay over the wide plain, when a second train hurriedly left the camp, but not in a northeasterly direction, rather toward Rome. Martianus could not resist his longing for his lamprey ponds, and since he had unwittingly become a supporter of Aureolus, he, like Kadoltius, had lost all desire to remain a campmate any longer. But the cheerful sun did not shine on his paths either; it rained and rained and rained.

Thus, the wealthy Martianus had achieved his desire; he sat once again on the ivory bisellium of his marble palace in Rome and awaited his guests, just as he had on that day when the young Cecropius had read him the Acta Diurna. More than thirteen years had passed since then.

He had just greeted Senator Tacitus and walked with him through the atrium to the peristyle, whose secluded arbors of noble vines beckoned with intimate spots, created for the exchange of secret kisses or for confidential conversations between friends.

With an indescribable feeling of well-being, Martianus sank into the soft

cushions he had been deprived of for so long, whereupon he resumed the interrupted conversation.

"Yes, I tell you, my friend Tacitus, as happy and comfortable as I feel here again, as little desire as I have to venture outside the city walls once more, I would nevertheless dare to do so again if Rome had to avenge a second time such an insult as that of a barbarian marriage! I thank the gods for having witnessed the burning of that degenerate Gallienus with his concubine; Rome was gloriously avenged! The Gentis Markomanorum took care of the cremation; the Roman army, our iron legions, did not move. No eagle flew up from the pyre, as was customary in the apotheosis of deified Caesars, no funeral pomp, no mausoleum, only a modest mound of earth, without inscription, without Caesarian pomp. Thus lies the dishonored man, doomed to oblivion, and in a few years the plow will have leveled his mark on the earth."

“I regret his mistake,” replied the senator in a calm tone. “I lament his error, for without it he would be worthy of deification, because Rome owes much to his energy. Posterity will do him justice, but his contemporaries, whom he had deeply offended, must condemn him; they must rejoice, for only his blood has removed the stain from golden Rome.”

“This is how one recognizes the grandson of that Cornelius Tacitus who wrote the unfortunate Germania,” Martianus replied lively, but immediately softened this somewhat overly harsh remark with the addendum: “That Tacitus, however, who also wrote his famous Annals and Histories, which tell us of the mighty deeds of our ancestors.”

The senator smiled subtly at the flattery, boldly modeled on reproach, and was about to give the conversation a more pleasant turn when wild shouting rang out from the street. Startled, the two friends listened.

Several of the senator's slaves, led by the house slaves of the wealthy Martianus, rushed into the peristyle.

“Sir, hurry to the curia! The Senate is gathering, the people of Rome are rioting and smashing the statues of Caesar Gallienus! Hurry, sir!”

The senator rose, his face pale.

“This could turn out well,” he said, struggling to collect himself. But his

otherwise fearful friend Martianus was blinded and deafened to any danger by his hatred of Gallienus. Carried away by sudden enthusiasm, he exclaimed joyfully:

"Thanks be to Jupiter Ultor! The Quirite is once again showing the patriciate what atonement Rome demands! Vox populi, vox dei! Come, friend Tacitus, let us go to the Senate, I am coming with you!"

"Are you a senator?" asked Tacitus, bewildered and distracted.

"No," replied Martianus, "but I am a Roman, and in such sublime moments neither senators nor Romans ask about the purple hem of the toga praetexta! Come! Hurry!"

With their stately entourage, the two stepped arm in arm out of the glistening marble portico onto the street. A howling, jeering crowd filled the streets, but did not hinder the friends rushing toward the Roman Forum, for the stream of people was also flowing in that direction.

Surrounded by the raging and screaming crowd, Tacitus and Martianus finally reached the Curia. The senator, with his friend on his arm, struggled to push his way into the portico, where the consul Ovin Paternus had just announced the death of Emperor Gallienus, Caesar Saloninus, and Augusta to the assembled "venerable fathers."

It was understandable what and how the consul communicated this to the Senate, for news of the catastrophe at the camp on the Addua and at the Aureoli Bridge had already reached the people, and the Senate meeting was little more than a formality. But now that the emperor's iron fist was no longer to be feared, the resentment long harbored against him burst into open flames. Speeches were made, often several at once, and continuous shouting and jeering prevented them from being heard, but it was clear that words of hatred were being spoken, and so it was also clear that this jeering was the applause of the people. The Praetorians were no longer able to hold back the people, and through the scattered ranks of the guards, the mob poured into the columned hall of the Curia with the bloodcurdling cry: "Pereant Gallieniden, Pereant!" [Perish Gallienus, Perish!]

Under the intense pressure of this demonstration, the Senate had no choice but to enter the name of Caesar Gallienus in the public records of the

"Fasten" as that of a cursed tyrant and to order the destruction of all his statues and those of his satellites by the Senate.

The hall was filled with the unending cheers of the people, which rolled out into the forum and thundered across Rome, where the frenzied crowd offered public prayers in all the temples, imploring the Matris Magnae[2] and the gods of the underworld to assign the dwellings of the damned to those they hated.

Martianus revelled in joy and delight, but Tacitus remained silent; he was disgusted by this "people of Rome" and this servile Senate, which only a few weeks ago had exalted the man now so deeply reviled in death, when his vengeful fist was to be feared.

It seemed as if the sweet "people of Rome" were satisfied, as if the

[2] "Mother Earth," "Matris Magnae," "Mater Magna," "Meta Maxima" – "the mother" – were the mystical archetypes of the self-generating, androgynous (not hermaphroditic!) elements, which were worshipped as a mysterious cult known as the Mysterium Magnum. Everything that passes away comes as a shadow—destined for a new transformation in rebirth—into the realm of the mothers, just as everything that has not yet been emerges from this realm into existence. This is how Goethe describes it in "Faust," Part II, at the end of the first act. At Mephistopheles' behest, Faust must descend to seize Helena's shadow, as it is reserved for the coming transformation in rebirth and resides in the realm of mothers. Mephistopheles gives Faust a key as a talisman, which is significant, for the key is (wred, ured) a "turner" (tri), i.e., a "procreator," and therefore the golden or glowing trifus (trifos - trihorn), which again signifies procreation, is immediately attached to the key, since Faust must possess it in order to win Helena. In Italy, particularly Sicily, the service of the "mothers" was very widespread, and Pliny reports (Natural History, III 8) that in Engyon in Sicily, a very old but small city famous for the presence of many gods, especially the "Matris Magnae" and the "Matris Idaea," a large temple was dedicated to them. According to myth, the "mothers" secretly raised Zeus, the father of gods and humans, against the knowledge and will of Kronos, and are thus also recognizable here as the primordial elements of becoming and being, since without their mediation Zeus, the giver of life, could not have appeared. Paracelsus also knows the mothers and describes them as follows: "The matter of all things (Armaterie) is Mysterium Magnum; this has been a mother to all elements, for just as children are born from a mother, so too are all creatures born from the Mysterium Magnum. But every element is a mother, and from the "four mothers" (the four elements: fire, air, water, and earth) all things in the whole world are born. So now, in these four mothers alone, all creatures must stand, for these four are the mothers of all creatures and are called "mothers." Wotan also comes together with Frau Saga (Freya) in Söckquabeckr, where, drinking from the golden horns of abundance, they reunite the disembodied souls with the soulless bodies in order to prepare for rebirth, since he is in possession of the disembodied souls and she is in possession of the soulless bodies.

Senate's concession had sated the beast, but it had only whetted its appetite; it had not yet tasted blood. To settle the dust stirred up by the smashed imperial statues, wet blood was needed.

Roaring, the frenzied Quirite beast raced through the streets of Rome, for a cavalry had entered the city from the camp of the dead Caesar. At the head rode Palphurnius Sura; he was the red rag that made the beast race.

"Pereat Sura! Perish the fiscal attorney of the accursed Gallienus!" rang out threateningly toward him.

"Back, wretched plebeians! I will only speak to the Senate!" he had shouted, digging his heels into his horse's flanks so that it reared up wildly and leaped into the crowd with mighty strides. His horsemen followed him. But the raging Quirites, enraged beyond measure, were no longer impressed by the trampling of a few comrades, which would otherwise have caused the most salutary terror. Like a pack of wolves, the blindly furious Quirites pounced on the horsemen, who were soon torn from their horses and dragged up the Monian stairs to be hurled down from the Tarpeian Rock.

But the frenzied crowd dragged poor Sura into the curia, demanding his death from the Senate.

"He was a friend of the accursed one! He had written the traitor's diary, let him die before the Senate!"

In vain did Consul Ovin Paternus raise his voice; in vain was his order to arrest the lawyer of the imperial treasury and bring him to trial; in vain!

Angry and screaming, raging and cursing, women and men surrounded the unfortunate Sura, who was unable to utter a single word, continually mistreating him, pushing and beating him.

A woman pushed her way into the curia, dressed in black, a snake encircling her waist, her thick brown hair fluttering in long, tangled strands. With eyes burning with hatred and fingers spread like claws, she rushed through the crowd, which timidly opened a path for her. Soon she stood before the man rolling on the ground.

With a kick, she drew his attention to herself; he looked up weakly. But horror showed on his face, the pale horror of madness, and shrill, testifying to unspeakable anguish, the one name "Clythia!" sounded from his lips.

"Yes, Clythia, the Thessalian woman who rescued you from the quarries and whom you then abandoned! I need cat's eyes, false, wretched cat's eyes!" With that, the raving woman lunged at the unfortunate man, who howled horribly. Then she jumped up with a shrill laugh of derision, swinging the eyes she had torn out of Sura in her bloody hand. Once again, the crowd rushed over the twitching body of the mutilated man, and a scuffle and screaming began until his body was torn to pieces and blood soaked the stone floors of the portico. Carrying the individual body parts of the unfortunate man, the Quirites rushed outside, up to the imperial palaces, to do the same to the court and servants of the desecrated emperor as they had done to poor Sura.

The sound of trumpets rang out across the forum, and a new cavalcade entered eternal Rome. The Senate was still assembled, for it had not dared to leave the Curia and disperse.

Like voices of salvation from the heights of Olympus, the sound of trumpets resounded to the frightened "venerable fathers of the fatherland" in the Senate of Rome, for it was recognized as the old trumpet fanfare announcing victory, which gave all triumphal processions and other imperial proclamations their musical character.

Even the brave Quirites hesitated and became more docile when they saw the armored iron horsemen, and many silently slipped around the corner, leaving others to enjoy the pleasure of being killed or trampled to death up in the imperial palaces. More and more of the cowards followed the example of the first deserters, until finally no Quirite seemed to have any desire for revenge, for as if by magic, the entire cowardly Quirite gang had suddenly fled before the imperial trumpet fanfare before their revenge campaign had even reached the golden house. Despite this unexpected rescue from the most threatening danger, which had been heightened to the point of unpredictability by the senate's rashness and indecision, despite this unexpected deliverance from the most desperate situation, no cheerful mood was able to take hold of the Curia. Gloomy, silent, and morose, the "venerable fathers" sat in their curule seats, brooding darkly, waiting listlessly for what the triumphal fanfare announced.

The ever-curious Quirite couldn't stand being at home for long either; the “people of Rome” flocked to the Forum Romanorum from all sides to see what was going on; they could already sense it—Panem et Circenses! The horsemen lying shattered at the foot of the Gemonian staircase did not disturb the now so gentle “people of Rome” in the slightest. That was a thing of the past; they had been home since then! --

Now, to the sound of trumpets and cymbals, the stately cavalry rushed across the forum and stopped in front of the columned portal of the curia. The leader of the cavalry—it was Prefect Annius—entered the curia with his stately entourage, preceded by the trumpeters, where he made his entrance to the sound of the victory fanfare.

Consul Ovin Paternus rose from his bisellium and asked the newcomer what good and great news he had to announce to the assembled Senate.

Then Annius spoke:

“Honorable fathers of the fatherland, great people of Rome! Through me, the consul Ovin Paternus, your co-consul Claudius greets you to announce to millennial Rome that, by the will of the victorious army, he has been proclaimed imperator and has taken the purple as Caesar Claudius secundus semper Augustus.”

Then stormy cheers broke out in the Senate, and Consul Ovin Paternus solemnly descended the steps, took Annius by the hand, and led him up to the podium, asking him to take the second bisellium to the right of his own, in order to proclaim the imperial will to the Senate and the people of Rome.

Annius accepted the invitation. Accompanied by trumpet fanfares and the cheers of the Senate, he took his seat on the throne. Once again, the Quirites streamed into the hall with joyful faces and cheerful shouts, for they now knew that their ancestor's prophecy of “Panem et Circenses” would be fulfilled.

The consul then announced to the assembled people of Rome that the Capitoline gods had sent a new Augustus to eternal Rome, who would lead the fatherland to new victories and new glory with a strong hand; therefore, the entire Senate would now proceed to the Temple of Apollo, where the new emperor's letter would be read to the people of Rome by his messenger.

But since today, the 24th of Martius, the “dies sanguinis in sacrario matris” had been prevented from being celebrated due to so many events, this day should henceforth be celebrated as “dies Claudius” in a different sense in the Temple of Apollo.

In solemn procession, amid the loudest cheers of the people, the Senate proceeded to the sanctuary of Helios-Apollo, where Ovin Paternus led Annius before the altar of the sun god and asked him to read Caesar Claudius' letter:

Annius stepped forward and read:

“Caesar Claudius Secundus, ever Augustus, sends his paternal greetings to the Senate and the people of Rome with this letter! By the decree of the Capitoline gods, the power of government was handed over to us, and our first concern was to defeat the usurpers who had so greatly impeded the glorious reign of our predecessor, Emperor Gallienus. At the Pons Aureoli, in the very place where the excellent Gallienus was struck by the assassin's dagger, the tyrant Aureolus was defeated and slain before he could carry out his accursed attack on the capital. The fatherland is now secure again within, and soon the external enemies will also be defeated. The first wish that we address to the Senate of Rome in our imperial dignity, and whose fulfillment We await with great confidence, is that the venerable Senate show its gratitude to the manes of Caesar Gallienus by elevating the immortal emperor to the ranks of the gods by senatorial decree, erecting statues of him, and bestowing upon his surviving relatives and satellites all the imperial honors due to them. Our legate Annius has been sent to convey Our special instructions to you, venerable fathers, concerning the circus games. This letter, which We have written with Our own hand, conveys Our imperial greetings to the Senate and people of Rome."

Annius had finished. A storm of noise echoed up to the temple ceiling, fanfares blared, and cries of “Hail, Caesar Claudius, Evoe!” roared through the room, for Panem et Circenses had been granted! What did the people of Rome care that barely an hour ago he had implored Mother Earth and the gods of the underworld in the temples to assign the dwellings of the damned to the cursed Gallienus and his satellites!

The good Quirite shouted their “Jo, Deus Gallienus!” once again, knowing that the first anniversary of his death would also be a day of celebration with panem et circenses, and that such a day was certainly worth getting excited about.

In solemn procession, the venerable fathers returned to the Curia, where the Literarius corrected the Senate's decisions of this Claudius in the “Fasten.” A thick line was drawn over the passage that described Caesar Gallienus as an accursed tyrant, and beneath it the same name was entered with the prefix “Deus,” together with the necessary further explanations and decrees in the name of the world-ruling “Senatus populusque Romanus”.

The honest Tacitus was filled with unspeakable disgust at the events of that day, and he began to almost forgive Caesar Gallienus, who had been cursed and deified in one and the same senate session, for the barbarian marriage that had been so much held against him, for the people are like their women, and he could now understand that a woman from the Roman people could not satisfy a mind as lofty as Gallienus's.

Thus, deep in thought, he made his way home.

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A troop of horsemen rode upstream along the banks of the Achesis Fluvius[3] toward Brennus[4]. A traveling carriage and several baggage wagons followed. Many pairs of heavy draft oxen were harnessed to the stately horse teams. It was evening when they reached Bolzanum[5]. Before the travelers, gray-crested cliffs towered against the blue sky, looking like a stone forest. Then the sun sank. Now the rocky crags began to redden, the glow grew

[3] Today the Adige river

[4] Brenner, Italy

[5] Bolzano / Bozen, Italy

higher and higher, it seemed as if the rocks up there had been transformed into roses, while the deep violet-colored valley floors stood out in contrast, like a blue-green goblet against glowing Massiker, which shone in the goblet with the sun's rays.

A crowd of cheerful blond children's heads appeared from under the tarpaulin of the traveling wagon. The leader of the procession rode up to the wagon and called out:

"Look, Walpurgis! Our local characters are already greeting us. This is King Laurin's rose garden!"

"Father, who was King Laurin?"

"Let your mother tell you when you're playing with Grandfather."

"Better tell us now, Father," said the eldest boy, "when we get to Eburodunum, you'll have so much to tell us about how the false Aureolus was slain and how Caesar Claudius became emperor and how our good empress died and sent the message and the inheritance to King Attalus through you and how she made you rich, that you won't get around to telling us about King Laurin."

"Yes, children, there will be no more storytelling today. My throat is as dry as if it were carved from old fig wood. But I will tell you this: if any of you should ever feel the desire to travel this road to Italy again, I would kill you with this fist."

"Don't be silly, Kadolt!" said Walpurgis with a laugh, "if you hadn't gone to Rome, who knows, you might be a cowherd somewhere."

"By the horse's hoof and saddle knob! If I knew that my boys were as skilled as I am, I would take them there myself. But someone who knows how things are in Rome would thank his Norn that Brennus is high enough that he cannot see Italy above!"

Then Walpurgis laughed again and said: "It was not you, Kadolt, who shaped your fortune, for such things do not happen to everyone, since not everyone rides to Italy with a Germanic king's daughter. The one who forged your fortune and ours was King Attal's child, the golden-haired Pipara!

Guido List's works,

Available from all bookshops and from the Austrian Publishing Institute in Vienna and Leipzig.

Carnuntum. Historical novel set in the 4th century AD. Berlin, G. Grote'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1889. 2 volumes, 7 marks.

Walküren-Weihe. Epic poem. Brno, 1895. Published by "Deutsches Haus," price 2 kr.

Pipara, the German Woman in Caesar's Purple. Historical novel set in the 3rd century AD. Out of print. See below Guido List's Collected Works, Volumes 3 and 4.

Lower Austrian Winegrower's Booklet. Richly illustrated. Vienna, Cornelius Vetter, 1898. Price Kr. 1.

The Invincible. A fundamental feature of the Germanic worldview. Richly illustrated. Vienna, Friedrich Schalk. Price Kr. 1.20.

King Vannius. A German royal drama. Published by the association "Deutsches Haus" in Brno, 1899. Price Kr. 1.

The Reconstruction of Carnuntum. With two maps. Vienna, Friedrich Schalk, 1900, price Kr. 1-.

Summer Sun Fire Magic. Skaldic consecration play. Vienna, Scherer-Verlag, 1901. Price Kr. 1.50.

Alraunen-Mären. Cultural-historical novellas and poems from Germanic prehistory. Teutonia-Verlag, Karl. R. Vogelsberg, Leipzig, Vienna 1903. Price bound Mrk. 4-; hardcover Mrk. 5-.

The Gold Piece. A love drama in five acts. Vienna, "Literatur-anstalt Austria," 1903. Price Kr. 2.50.

The Religion of the Aryan-Germanic People in its Esoteric and Exoteric Forms. Adolf Bürdecke, Zurich, 1910. Price: 2 marks.

The Transition from Wuotanstum to Christianity. Zurich, Adolf Bürdecke, 1911. Price: 2 marks.

G.L.B. No. 1: The Secret of the Runes. Austrian Publishing Institute Vienna and Leipzig, 1908. Price Mrk. 1.50 K. 1.80-.

G.L.B. No. 2: The Armanenschaft of the Aryan-Germans. Austrian

Publishing Institute Vienna and Leipzig, 1908. Price Mrk. 1.50 K 1.80. - Second part No. 2A, 1911, price Mrk. 6.80, K. 8-.

G.L.B. No. 3: The Rita of the Aryan-Germans. Austrian Publishing Institute Vienna and Leipzig, 1908. Price Mrk. 3.60, K 4.40

G.L.B. No. 4: The Names of the Tribes of Germania and Their Interpretation. Austrian Publishing Institute Vienna and Leipzig, 1909. Price 2.50 marks, 3 crowns.

G.L.B. No. 5: The Pictographic Writing of the Aryan-Germans. Austrian Publishing Institute Vienna and Leipzig, 1910. Price: 8.30 marks, K 10. -

Guido List's Collected Works: Volumes 1 and 2: German Mythological Landscape Pictures, second, greatly expanded, richly illustrated edition. Price: K. 20-, bound K 22.-.

All issues of the Guido List Library (G.L.B. 1st series, Nos. 1, 2, 2A, 3, 4, 5, and sequels, as well as Guido List's Collected Works can also be obtained directly from the Secretariat of the Guido von List Society in Vienna, XVIII/1, Schulgasse 30. The remaining works by Guido List listed above cannot be obtained from the Secretariat of the Guido List Society.

Important books for readers of Guido List's works.

Philipp Stauff in Berlin-Lichterfelde, 1912.

Das Deutsche Wehrbuch (The German Defense Book). Published by A. Ziemsen in Wittenberg. 1912. Price hardcover Mr. 3.60. One of the most important books of modern times, which not only focuses on the readiness for war of the land, sea, and air forces, but also organizes the intellectual readiness for war of the present and future, enabling everyone to enter those circles where they will find the right place already prepared for themselves, their work, and their abilities, so that they do not succumb in individual combat.

Rune Houses. Published by K. G. Th. Scheffer in Berlin-Lichterfelde. 1913. With approximately 100 illustrations. Price: 5 marks. This commendable work, which is the first to ingeniously demonstrate the presence of runes in wooden structures, is best recommended by the author's

preface, which is therefore reproduced here in its entirety. It reads as follows:

I dedicate this book in grateful admiration and loyal friendship to Mr. Guido von List in Vienna, the rediscoverer of the ancient lost wisdom of the Armanen, who found the lost magic key to fairy tales, the spiritually powerful herald of new times. May this book help the German people to recognize how high—how deep—their past was. For friends of this past, for local history societies, for the authorities, for the disciples of architecture, blessed tasks may grow here. May they be seen and fulfilled and carried over into an age of new Armanic consciousness!

Ph. Stauff.

Hugo Christoph Heinrich Meyer, Munich:

The Hyndla Lied, explained from the Old Norse Song Edda. (The Family Tree of Germanic Culture.) Asgard-Verlag Hans Stiegeler, Munich, Frühlingstraße 17 Mk. 2.50. - Meyer offered this highly commendable work as the first piece of an esoteric interpretation of the Edda. The results are of great interest to connoisseurs of the works of Guido von List.

Dr. J. Lanz-Liebenfels, Ostara Publishing House, Rodaun near Vienna.

Theozoology, or the Science of the Sodom Monkeys and the God Electron. An introduction to the oldest and newest worldview and a justification of the principality and the nobility. (With 45 illustrations.) By Dr. J. Lanz v. Liebenfels. Vienna-Rodaun, 1902, Ostara-Verlag. Price 4 marks.

But Dr. J. Lanz v. Liebenfels not only convincingly presents the unexpected results of his research in this field in his "Theozoology," he also provides hundreds of valuable references for those who wish to continue their research, thereby raising his findings above all doubt.

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